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THE INDIAN REFORMERS.

THE Indian Reform Association seems, thanks to the good sense of the people, to be sharing the fate of Administrative Reform. Mr. ROEBUCK treated the meeting he addressed the other day as the people of England, awake at last to the imbecility of the CLIVES, the HASTINGS, the WELLESLEYS, the METCALFES, the ELPHINSTONES, the LAWRENCES, and resolved to take India into their own hands, and "self-govern" it as a part of their own affairs. But the people of England, according to the reporters, by no means filled the room in which it was assembled. Not only so, but even in that limited assembly Indian Reform was swamped by Chartism, and the regeneration of Hindostan by vestry government became a peg whereon to hang "manhood suffrage" and other points of the Charter. So the petition of the "Indian patriots" for the annihilation of Indian statesmanship will go to the Legislature with "triangular Parliaments, universal suffering, and vote by bullet" pinned to its tail. Mr. J. G. PHILLIMORE has become blended into a sort of hybrid monster with Mr. ERNEST JONES. Perhaps the well-informed leaders of the movement will now begin to see that they may as well help the intelligence of the country to solve the problem in their proper place, instead of bullying it at the head of a Hudibrastic rout. The meeting (to give honest nonsense its due) had the good feeling to reject a Terrorist motion, while the Chartist motion was accepted. Englishmen are not French Tiger-monkeys, even when they are figuring as "Indian patriots."

England with "manhood suffrage" (and why not "womanhood suffrage" too? cry some shrill tongues) self-governing Hindostan! There is the simple solution of all the difficulties of race, religion, caste, character, climate, and distance which the problem of Indian Government involves. Contemplate calmly for a moment your good honest bumpkin or your worthy costermonger, and fancy him dealing, or instructing the representative who has just wheeled him out of his vote how to deal, with the questions of Caste and Ryotwar. Or, not to go so low, try an enlightened tradesman on the same subject, and see whether the result is not a confession of sheer ignorance, or the utterance of nonsense compared with which a confession of sheer ignorance is wisdom. But this ignorance and nonsense, multiplied a few million times, is fit at once to supersede the greatest administrative corps, take it all in all, the world ever saw. We will venture to say there are not twenty men in the meetings which the India Reform orators address with whom they would themselves think it worth while to converse for ten minutes on any Indian subject. But the ignorance which they despise in the grain is the omniscience which they flatter in the mass. Does Mr. BRUNEL poll the nation by "manhood suffrage" on the best way of launching the *Leviathan*? And yet the launching of the *Leviathan* is a household matter to the people of WATT and STEPHENSON, compared with the government of a race, such as they never saw in their dreams, on the other side of the globe. We trust the sense of Englishmen to perceive that their claim to self-government rests on their knowledge of their own affairs, and that knowledge of their own affairs is not knowledge of the affairs of Hindostan.

Responsible Government! The India Reformers know as well as we do that they have had it ever since they have had a Board of Control. There it sits, in the hour of danger, "throwing the reins on the neck of the Directors"—shifting its blunders to their shoulders, too, if it can manage to do so without being detected. If it has been practically irresponsible hitherto, the reason is that, in and out of Parliament, India has been a bore which the enlightened ten-pounders and their incorruptible ROEBUCKS were content to leave to a service admirable in the eyes of candid foreigners for its integrity and ability, though, in the eyes of candid Englishmen, the vilest of the vile. So little attention has been wasted on the subject, that it can safely be asserted, in a resolution passed at a public meeting, that the Company, not the Parliamentary Ministers and Governors-General, is the great author of the aggressions on native States and Princes—of the conquest of Scinde, the invasion of Afghanistan, and the annexation of Oude. Apathetic for half a century, and mad for an hour—such, judging from the past and present, would be a direct Parliamentary government of India. But those mad hours would work cruel evil, not only to madly handled India, but to madly handling England. The government of India by Indian statesmen is not only good, as the nearest approach to a national and patriotic government for India that the case will admit, but as the only means of keeping English freedom and English principles clear of a most perilous contagion. Already the enemies of religious liberty are catching at the opportunity of training Englishmen to violate that principle in a dependency, in order that they may afterwards train them to violate it here. The fate of commonwealths which despotize directly over subject nations is written in history so that Indian Reformers may read. Our humanity, and the opinion of the civilized world, will not long suffer a form of government glaringly unjust. And there is but one form of government which would not be glaringly unjust to the great majority of a people composed of twenty millions of Englishmen and two hundred millions of Hindoos.

The Indian Civil Service is held up to odium as a "monopoly." It is a distinct profession, certainly, and one which requires a special training and banishment for the better part of life. But now that the appointments are given to merit, it is the only perfectly open profession in the world. In it alone a poor foundling, if he has talent and a fair education, may plant his foot at once on the sure path to fortune, power, and renown. It is exactly that system of promotion by administrative talent which these same men, under the name of Administrative Reformers, wanted to set up, though they now want, as Indian Reformers, to pull it down. But the Civil Service governs India for the Indians; and what the stronger half of this dishonestly-combined movement desires is not India for the Indians, but India for the English of Calcutta. It desires a little England in Hindostan, with an English Parliament, English parties, English journalism, English courts of justice, all the offices of government open, as in England, as prizes to political ambition—and two hundred millions of oppressed and trampled slaves. That is the ideal which the Calcutta "public" hope this nation may be persuaded to realize for them in its present paroxysm of wrath against the countrymen of the mutineers. Nothing can be more practical and intelligible, or, with sufficient physical force, more feasible than such a plan. The only objection to it is, that it would make England the vilest of tyrants, instead of the protectress of freedom, the scourge instead of the refuge of humanity, the loathing instead of the admiration of the civilized world. That this scheme of the Calcutta Terrorists should have found advocates in the sentimental humorists of *Punch* is an instructive lesson in human nature. It reminds us of ROUSSEAU's tender leaning to slavery, and BALZAC's merry apology for the massacre of Tarragona. It

reminds us of the table of ROBESPIERRE and his philanthropic associates, strewed with the *Confessions*, and the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and the lists of batches for next day's guillotine.

The intricate joint action of the Indian Directory and the Board of Control is what nobody defends and all are ready to simplify, especially since its evils were so much felt at the beginning of the present crisis. It seems not an unreasonable proposal that the judicial appointments in India should be separated from the political, diplomatic, and financial appointments, and opened to English lawyers, provided that these gentlemen will allow the Hindoo, in his own land, to plead in his own tongue, and that they will not insist on transplanting the divine *Archbold on Practice* and the incomparable *Chitty on Pleading*, in all their integrity, to the somewhat alien region of Benares. Nor are we aware that anybody now objects to giving all due encouragement to English settlers in India, as a means of strengthening our hold on the country, developing its resources, and securing it (what it greatly needs) the benefit of a resident upper class to propagate European civilization. Only we must stipulate, in spite of the indignant horror of *Punch*, that "Hindoos shall be treated like Britons," and that wherever the power of Christian England extends, all men shall be equal before the law. If the Indian Government has hitherto been too slow to encourage English settlers, the outburst of Calcutta Terrorism is their best excuse, if it is not their justification. There is no need of the blustering tyranny of an "Association" to bully the reason of the nation into any practical improvement. But to turn Hindostan into the feudal domain of twenty thousand Englishmen with ten thousand serfs a-piece, would be a crime which, on the coolest view of the subject, any Englishman who regards himself as a moral being had better resign his country than consent before heaven and mankind to share. And to mix up the representative institutions of free England with the necessarily despotic institutions of Hindostan would be an error which would entail the inevitable, and not very distant, corruption of English liberty as well as of Indian justice.

CENTRAL AMERICA AGAIN.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S Message is quite free from the indecent ferocity which used to distinguish the addresses of Mr. PIERCE, but we do not share in the complacency with which most of our contemporaries seem to regard it. It is very disappointing to find another President of the United States determined to keep open the old sore of Central America. We had persuaded ourselves that, when this aged statesman announced that he should not a second time become a candidate for the Presidency, he intended to place himself above the vulgar temptations which have induced so many of his predecessors to engage in small quarrels with Great Britain, sometimes against their own natural bias and sense of right, almost always with ultimate damage to their reputation. Mr. BUCHANAN, too, had himself contributed something to the adjustment of these differences when Plenipotentiary in London, and, but for the malevolence of President PIERCE, would almost certainly have put an end to them. But his Message scarcely gives ground for supposing that he is less impracticable than the most unscrupulous of the unscrupulous politicians whom he has succeeded. Either from disinclination to deprive his party of a political cry which it may be convenient to revive, or from a desire to have the means of diverting the opposition which Mr. DOUGLAS, as the organ of the Northwestern Democrats, is about to offer to his Kansas policy, he states the difficulty created by the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty in language which, without being offensive, is nevertheless so framed as to estop his Government from acceding to several reasonable expedients for settling the points in difference.

The PRESIDENT repeats the clause of the Treaty, now familiar to us by wearisome repetition, which binds the contracting Powers not "to occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion" over any part of Central America. It is remarkable that Mr. BUCHANAN does not speak of the Treaty as having given rise to any question except one founded on these words. As he puts the case, the sole points are, whether the prohibition against *assuming* dominion prevented Great Britain from annexing Ruatan to the Bay Colony, and whether the prohibition against *exercising* dominion bound her to abandon the Mosquito Protectorate. But this is only half the story. Granting that there is a

shadow of reason for regarding this clause as applicable to the Mosquito Protectorate, the English Government has always maintained that the Protectorate is indirectly recognised by another clause of the Treaty, which pledges the two Powers not to employ any "protection" which they may extend to any community within the forbidden limits as a means of acquiring dominion. In this view, therefore, the only question is, whether the Protectorate has been used as a pretext for encroachment since 1850. And then, as to Ruatan, the question is not one of construction at all. We are pledged not to assume dominion in Central America. But what is Central America? and does Ruatan belong to it? Central America is an extremely modern designation—not older, indeed, than 1824, when the five petty independent States into which the Spanish Vice-Royalty of Guatemala had been parcelled out united to form the Central American Republic. Unless the American Government can show that Ruatan was connected in some way with this transient Confederation, the steps, wise or unwise, which were taken by the British Government in reference to Ruatan, are wholly without the scope of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty. The truth of the matter is, that Ruatan has always been asserted by the British authorities to be a dependency of our possessions at the Belize, which the negotiators of 1850 expressly excluded from their consideration. So that, in order to establish a violation of the Convention, the American Government must first prove, affirmatively, that Ruatan forms part of Central America, and next, negatively, that it is not an outlying fragment of the British colony at the Belize. Both points have always been rather assumed than discussed by American plenipotentiaries, and now the President of the United States passes them over in complete silence.

It is impossible for an Englishman to reflect on these disputes, or to write about them, without feeling their extreme pettiness, and without a hearty wish to be well rid of them. We are certainly under some sort of moral obligation to provide for the security of the Mosquito Indians; but, as respects the other differences, the whole country is unanimous in desiring any settlement of them which shall be decently consistent with our national honour. Unfortunately, the United States appear determined to acquiesce in no arrangement which is not palpably to the discredit of the British name. Lord CLARENDON and Mr. DALLAS agreed on a system of Conventions by which Great Britain, after ceding Ruatan to Honduras, and relinquishing the Mosquito Protectorate, guaranteed, jointly with the United States, the status of affairs created by these cessions. The American Senate rejected the Treaty offered to the United States from distaste of certain provisions contained in the collateral convention with Honduras, to which the American Federation was not, of course, a party. If we rightly understand President BUCHANAN, the grounds of this rejection imply that the United States will never become a party to any Treaty which does not expressly admit that Ruatan was always a possession of Honduras; nor will they indirectly recognise any instrument which limits the sovereignty of Honduras by excluding slavery from the territory ceded to it. Diplomatic ingenuity may surmount the first difficulty, but we confess we see no way of escape from the last. How can we cede Ruatan to Honduras, without stipulations against the introduction of slavery? WALKER is again in Nicaragua, and again appeals to his countrymen to assist him in acquiring fresh fields in Central America for the employment of negro labour. If he once succeeds, the conquest of Honduras and its conversion into slave territory is merely a matter of time. The honour of England forbids her alienating Ruatan without provision against such a contingency. We were asked the other day by the *Times* what we had gained for ourselves or the human race by our Quixotic abolitionism? Little enough, certainly, except our moral standing as champions of free labour all over the world. But surely we descend from our elevation at once if we suffer a spot of ground which has once been ours even to run the risk of defilement by the overseer and his cowhide.

The repeal of the Treaty of 1850 has been frequently suggested; nor can Great Britain very well object to it, if demanded. Our position, as a matter of strict law, would be improved by it. It is only under the instrument of 1850 that the Americans have any right to object to our proceedings in Central America. Apart from our conventional engagements, we are entitled to repel their remonstrances as gratuitous, and their cavils at the title under which we hold

our possessions as simply impertinent. But, on the other hand, we do not wish to quarrel with the Americans; we do not even wish to irritate them; and, accordingly, it is much to be hoped that the English Foreign Office will not consent to tear up the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty without providing some sedative for the excitement which any venal politician can create in the United States by calling on his countrymen to enforce the MONROE doctrine against the ceaseless usurpations of the Britisher.

RELIGION IN INDIA.

ONE of the most singular calumnies which have been generated between the presumptuousness of journalism and the prevalent ignorance of India, is the assertion that members of the Indian services are hostile or indifferent to the diffusion of Christianity. The accusation has perhaps been believed by its authors to be a logical inference from the supposed "traditionary policy" of the East India Company. It may, indeed, be readily conceded that the first object of the Indian Government has not been proselytism, for the first object of that Government has been the preservation of the Empire; and we imagine it will be admitted that, unless the Empire be preserved, the christianization of India is about as hopeful an undertaking as the colonization of the moon. But to argue from the religious neutrality of the system pursued to the religious indifference of the individuals charged with its conduct is a great mistake—and a very dangerous one besides, because it involves a serious misconception of the frame of mind which continued residence in India is sure to produce in Europeans, whatever be the character of the Government which they serve. It is curious to compare the impressions derived from actual acquaintance with retired servants of the Company, and the ideal picture of such a servant which our leading journalists drew for us some time ago. The "old Indian" was depicted, if we remember rightly, as much the same sort of person which the perfect man of VOLTAIRE's philosophy would be, supposing always that the sage of Ferney had entertained on the whole a sneaking affection for Christianity, instead of hating it with all his soul and strength. An ex-civilian was described as tolerant to Brahminism, friendly to Buddhism, and barely respectful to Christianity. Looking upon missionary effort as a stumbling-block, and zeal as foolishness, he was supposed to hold the balance between his own and the Eastern creeds a little unevenly, and to have contracted a slight but very visible partiality for the venerable rites which he had employed himself in protecting from disturbance. Such a state of mind is doubtless possible, but it is all but impossible in India. Some thousand miles away from the Hindoo superstitions, a German professor or French *savant* in his study may become tolerant, and even more than tolerant, to them. The mysterious antiquity of those religions, the rich and plastic language in which they are recorded, the beauty and grandeur of the poetry which has clustered about them, the strange glimpses which their sacred books offer into the very infancy of thought, speech, and usage, have a natural attraction for a certain number of persons in Europe, who regard Oriental faiths as so much raw material for scientific or philosophical knowledge. But, on the spot, it is most difficult to have the patience of a philosopher for these execrable debasements of belief. Continental scholars scarcely understand this. They are constantly reproaching Englishmen with the disproportion between their great opportunities and the smallness of their contributions to Oriental learning. But the truth is, that a near view of Brahminism arrays against it all the pride, as well as all the moral instincts and religious prepossessions, of the dominant race; and it is only a very few who can surmount that contempt which is fatal to close study and accurate observation.

There are men in every class whose habits of mind are fatal to religious fervour; but we firmly believe that the Indian services contain much more than the usual proportion of zealots for Christianity. This is only what might be expected from the circumstances in which they are placed. Everybody who appreciates the moral of DEFOE's immortal romance ought to know that perfect and long-continued solitude tends to throw back the most careless and rebellious spirits on a childlike and unquestioning faith. When the solitude is not material, but intellectual and moral, the stimulus to the religious susceptibilities is still greater. The Indian civilian or soldier, cut off from intercourse with men of his race, becomes "serious" on points of religion, in the

best sense of the word. He may almost be said to go for companionship to his creed. The very strangeness of the forms of morality which surround him, the grossness of the superstitions, the grotesqueness of the intellectual perversions, intensify his sympathies with the mental characteristics of his countrymen at home, and his Christianity mixes itself up with his pride of blood. The peculiar cast of feeling produced by the consciousness of a generic superiority in one's religious belief is exceedingly marked, and very easily distinguishable from vulgarer forms of religious sentimentalism. It is wonderful that it should not have been noticed in "old Indians," and even more wonderful that they should be described as characterized by an excessive indifference to religious questions and interests. So far is this from being true, that their earnestness in religious matters may be pointed to as having much to do with the comparative feebleness of the influence which they exert in England. When they are removed to another atmosphere, their opinions have often the effect of allying them to the weakest portions of English society. Many a man who has given the law to a million of human beings, or has guided by his counsels the domestic and external policy of a dozen monarchs, will be found, when he comes to pass a green old age at home, not, indeed, unequipped with the wisdom of a statesman or a ruler, but postponing it altogether to a class of inquiries which in England go along with something very like mental imbecility. He turns out to be dexterous in the interpretation of the Sixth Seal, cunning in fixing the place of Armageddon, and skilful in mapping out the routes which the Jews are to follow at the epoch of their general emigration to the Holy Land. We have been informed that that strange sect, the Plymouth Brethren, derives its numbers in part, and its revenues almost wholly, from retired Indian functionaries; and it may be conjectured that at least one or two of the class were enrolled under the spiritual banner of Mr. PRINCE, at the famous Agapemone. When men of this stamp protest, as they mostly do, against the theories of wholesale native conversion which are popular in England, we may be sure it is because the higher minds see clearly the iniquity to which an abandonment of the principles of toleration by the Government of India will inevitably lead, while those of a lower order cannot shake themselves free from the influence of that "traditionary policy" which sternly confined them to religious neutrality in the discharge of their administrative duties.

The temper of mind produced by the isolation of Europeans in India is a consideration of the utmost importance. The Government of India does not command a mere assemblage of passive tools. It is served, and must always be, by men whom a very slight change in its spirit would convert into energetic propagandists. Hence has proceeded, in former times, its eager and repeated enunciation of the principles of absolute toleration, as furnishing the rule of conduct to its highest and its humblest ministers. No one can pretend to calculate the consequences of the very slightest departure from the "traditionary policy." The functionaries employed in giving effect to the change would be ever anxious to enlarge its limits; and the degree in which it would be permissible to modify it must always be shadowed forth in vague and general language, which would practically "lay the reins on the neck" of all would-be persecutors. There has been abundant proof in England that the generalities of the press, when reduced to practical suggestions, give results which are absolutely monstrous. We do not call public speakers fanatics above all other men because they propose to exclude all natives except Christian converts from the Government and administration of India. Doubtless some of them have the merit of saying definitely what the *Times* expresses vaguely, when it cries out against our allowing the Hindoos to suppose that we are ashamed of our religion. Yet who will venture to deny that such a proposal has the singular property of simultaneously violating the moral code both of Christianity and heathenism—heathen morality, because it deprives millions upon millions of men of their inalienable natural rights—Christian ethics, because it substitutes motives of gross self-interest for the free homage of the spirit? We do not say that such a suggestion, though complacently canvassed in England, would be immediately carried out in India, under any conceivable circumstances. At first, and on the spot, it would look too iniquitous. European officials would doubtless commence with a few promotions of Christian clerks which would be unjust but for the assumption that false religion is to be directly discouraged. A few insulting demonstrations against

native ceremonies would follow; and then we should be in full progress down the easy descent to that hell upon earth—a nation despotically governed by propagandist rulers. Even in England we are but feebly protected against very petty but very annoying persecution by the commonplaces descended to us from our ancestors; but in India, where these commonplaces have no natural root, a score of years would probably see them all abrogated amid general applause.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

THE partisans of a mistaken policy generally split into two very distinct classes—those who are simply wrong, and those who are incurably insane. It was so with the exploded delusion of Protection. There were some Protectionists who were capable of comprehending the principle of the measures they opposed, though they frittered away, by a thousand qualifications, the truth which more fervent believers were resolved to embody in action. But the great bulk of the old Country party preferred raving to reasoning. The section of the party which was approximately rational was ultimately convinced, partly by argument and partly by experience. The lunatics were never exactly convinced—that was not possible—but they were suppressed in due time by overwhelming facts.

The preponderance of the insane element is even more striking in our recent Currency disputes than it was in the old opposition to the broad doctrines of Free Trade; and the remembrance of the impenetrable front still maintained by the bucolic phalanx when, one after another, all their strongest captains had passed under the yoke of COBDEN, ought to teach us how useless it is to waste argument on men who are possessed by delusions which they do not themselves comprehend. Let any sane man read the stuff that fills, we are afraid we must say, the majority of the speeches which the Indemnity Bill has called forth, and he will at once recognise the hopelessness of entering the lists against opponents who are armed in that peculiar panoply which has always been the surest protection against the ordinary weapons of argument. While a subject is confined to the regions of philosophic speculation, there is no harm in amusing oneself with the wilder fallacies that may have grouped themselves about it; but a topic which has become of the deepest practical interest cannot be so handled. There is no time then to discuss delusions, and the only errors which can be combated with advantage are those which are not palpably absurd.

By following this maxim the seemingly interminable argument of which the Act of 1844 has been the occasion may be compressed within surprisingly narrow limits. Only weed out from the declamation of the "expansion" school all that the more capable chiefs of the party would be thoroughly ashamed of, and the mass of objections is at once reduced to a very manageable bulk. On the special point which has just now attracted the largest amount of attention—the wisdom or the folly of relaxing the law on any great emergency—the considerations *pro* and *con* may be summed up in a few words. It is common ground to the rational advocates on both sides of this question, that, so long as the law is adhered to, the convertibility of the Bank-note is practically secured. It is also conceded that the currency created by the Act of 1844 is always identical in amount, and subject to the same fluctuations, with a purely metallic currency regulated by no law at all except the natural laws of trade. Starting from these points, those who recommend a rigid adherence to the law in all times and at whatever cost, rely on two arguments. In the first place, they say that no scheme of relaxation can be devised which would not risk the convertibility of the Bank-note, and, in certain contingencies, lead to a suspension of specie payments. If the restraint on arbitrary issues were relaxed during the progress of an active foreign drain, it would aggravate the evil, and soon leave us without a single sovereign with which to cash our notes. The answer given to this statement is not—because it cannot be—a direct denial. We admit, say the gainsayers, that there is such a risk, but it can be made insignificant if the dispensing power be always exercised with proper discretion. No prudent financier would sanction a departure from the law, unless he knew that the difficulties of the time arose from domestic panic, and not from a foreign demand for gold. Nor would he suffer the irregularity to continue except on the terms of maintaining a rate of interest sufficient to keep whatever gold we might have at home. In 1847 and 1857 this

measure of discretion was shown. Why should it not be expected hereafter? Is it not worth while to run so small a risk for the sake of averting calamities scarcely less serious than an actual stoppage of the Bank of England? The reply given is ominous. Ministers will not be able to use discretion, should they happily possess it. PALMERSTON has ventured a step nearer to the vortex than RUSSELL, and yet one hears nothing so loud as the cry that Ministers would have been swept from their seats had they delayed their assistance for another day. Backed by accumulating precedents, the pressure for a relaxation at each recurring crisis will be stronger and earlier than on any previous occasion, and the Government will at last be driven to interpose under circumstances in which their own discretion may tell them that the result will be national bankruptcy. There has been but one rejoinder to this uncomfortable prediction—"Let us chance it."

So stands the argument on the first head; but there is a further consideration not less momentous. It is an admitted principle of modern commercial policy, that the best way of taking care of trade is to leave it free to take care of itself. Systematic protection and occasional interpositions for the relief of commerce are equally condemned by this maxim, for the plain reason that everything which tempts traders to rely on extraneous aid, instead of making themselves secure by prudence and sagacity, tends to produce the very evils which it is intended to prevent. A man who should set his son up in trade, and tell him that if ever he got into difficulties he might always rely on the paternal purse, would be laying the foundation of a speculative business which would be pretty certain to end in bankruptcy. The promise of help from a paternal Government must work in the same way, and in the long run will do more harm than good. Commerce must learn to stand upon its own legs. This doctrine now pervades our whole legislation. The Act of 1844 is one example of its application. In the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws we have others. No one disputes the soundness of this principle when stated in a general form; but it is urged that money is a commodity to which it cannot be safely applied without some qualification. There are two peculiarities of money dealing which are said to take it out of the scope of the general rule, and to justify the application of an exceptional policy.

We will try to state the argument fairly and fully. In all money obligations, time is, as lawyers would say, of the essence of the contract. Engagements must be fulfilled to the day, or the whole system gets out of joint. In other commodities the mischief of a slight irregularity is not nearly so great. If a cargo of corn or cotton is delayed for a short time, there is always some stock on hand, and the purchaser is not compelled to go without bread in the one case, or to close his factory in the other. But we have carried our system of economizing money by credit to such a pitch that no one keeps more cash than he absolutely wants; and the machinery, though perfect in ordinary times, is so delicate that the non-arrival of expected remittances, instead of being a mere inconvenience, may in certain conjunctures cause absolute ruin. Another, and perhaps the most important, distinction between dealings in money and in other commodities is, that the amount required at any moment does not depend upon appetites and habits of consumption which vary only by slow degrees, but upon the degree of confidence that may happen to prevail. Credit is used as a substitute for money, and credit is subject to fearfully sudden collapses. The demand for money is therefore liable to violent and spasmodic changes, and may be doubled in a day by a wholesale annihilation of confidence and credit. A trade so exposed as the money trade is to derangement from accidental causes, and in which the slightest irregularity may involve such fatal consequences, requires an extraordinary, if not an unattainable, measure of prudence to secure it from recurring disaster. In other matters it may be well to trust to the unassisted sagacity of the mercantile world; but where the circulation is concerned, you must be prepared for repeated panics and convulsions, until mankind become more cautious than they have ever yet been or are ever likely to be. To insist on withholding Government interference at all hazards might tend, in some degree, to discourage over-banking and other forms of reckless speculation; but there is, and must be, so much of the gambling element in all commercial affairs, that there would be no certainty that the severest enforcement of the principle would prevent pressure, panic, and ruin from following in their due order after every period of national prosperity.

Therefore, when the crisis comes, do not shrink from affording some immediate alleviation, for fear of encouraging a spirit of speculation which the most rigid laws will not altogether succeed in repressing.

This is, we believe, the only apology that can be offered for the interference system. There is, no doubt, some truth in such representations, but they are far from justifying the final inference. Granting that rigid non-interference will not entirely extirpate the folly of over-trading, it is certain that palliatives will greatly increase it. Money-dealers and merchants, who feel that Government has insured them against the worst consequences of rashness, will be more easily led out of the prudent course than they would be if they knew that they had only themselves to trust to for their safety. Besides, the evil will be a growing one. More and more reliance will be placed on external aid after every fresh successful application for it, until at length commerce will degenerate into the merest gambling. What is the use of warning a young scapegrace against the turf or the gambling-table, so long as he knows that, come what will, "the governor will make all right at last"? This is just the position in which a system of Government interpositions will place the trade of the country; and though it may be true that severity will not put down the evil altogether, it is equally certain that indulgence will foster it until it attains proportions beyond the power of any measure of relaxation to relieve. In the midst of an actual crisis, when the present danger drives away all thought for the future, it is not surprising that many should be found to recommend immediate relief at every hazard. But in calmer times, when the question can be coolly and deliberately weighed, few reflecting men will doubt that the seeming kindness of Government assistance must prove after all a real cruelty to the commercial classes.

But there is one more plea for the introduction of a relaxing power into the present law which is not so easy to escape. The power, it is said, exists already—it is relied on, and always will be relied on—and it is better that it should be regulated by stringent provisions than left to the caprice of the Minister for the time being. We express no conclusive opinion on this point at present. We object, on moral and constitutional grounds, to a recognised *non-obstante* practice. Still we have not yet heard any suggestion as to the form which the power should assume that would put so strong a check upon its exercise as is afforded by the present necessity of violating an Act of Parliament on every occasion. Regarding the existence of any such power, whether within or beyond the law, as a thing to be deplored, we should be glad, if possible, to get rid of it altogether; but if it is too late to do that now, the next best thing will be to place it under such restraints as will reduce to a minimum the probability of its being used, and the expectations founded upon it. How this may best be done is a question which deserves the gravest consideration.

ELECTORAL EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

THE little interest which can be spared for America from the affairs of British India is concentrated on the monetary panic, but still the series of political elections lately concluded in the United States deserves a passing notice. It is very remarkable that the voting has as nearly as possible reversed the results of September twelve months, when the Northern States were only prevented by the defection of Pennsylvania from returning Colonel FREMONT to the Presidency, in spite of passionate and unanimous opposition from the South. The powerful Republican confederacy which owed its existence to the enthusiasm for FREMONT, now proves to have all but melted away, and even on the theatre of its most signal triumph—the great State of New York—it has been compelled to succumb to a Democratic majority. Some facts connected with this New York election ought to be attended to in England. The reversal of last year's results turns out to be attributable, not to the wholesale conversion of Republicans into Democrats, but simply to the neglect of their rights by an immense mass of voters. The returns show that the Democrats have gained barely a few thousand votes, while on the other hand the Republicans have lost upwards of a hundred thousand. The State, in other words, contains about a hundred thousand persons who can only be roused in times of unusual and extraordinary excitement to take the trouble of dropping a voting-paper into a ballot-box, rarely placed more than a

hundred yards from their door. And these citizens of New York who are utterly indifferent to their privilege might, if they pleased, outvote all the voters together who are attached to the organized political parties.

The special plan of Reform which Mr. ROEBUCK and his friends have put forth in England seems to proceed on an assumption which is the exact opposite of the conclusions suggested by these American returns. The clique or caucus recently organized for the purpose of giving the first twist to the screw which it was deemed essential to put on Lord PALMERSTON, very evidently believed that, however large the surface over which electoral privilege may be diffused, the value of each individual vote to its possessor would remain exactly the same as under a narrower system. But, paradoxical as it may seem to political theorists who have accustomed themselves to consider Reform precisely the same thing with the mere downward extension of the suffrage, the lesson taught by American experience is the possibility of making the suffrage too cheap. We may render it so common that an enormous majority of electors may attach no value to the right, or at all events, reserve its exercise for conflicts attended by an exceptional popular enthusiasm. It has been very truly said, and the truth is an important one, that the quantity of electoral power in the country is always constant. The share of it which we confer on a man or a district, we take away from an existing elector and from an existing constituency; and, if we spread the whole over a very large body of voters, each gets a portion proportionately small, and therefore proportionately valueless. We are not of course without practical proofs of a proposition which, when stated, is almost self-evident. One of them is the notorious failure of great constituencies to return proportionately able men. It has long been remarked that, as a general rule, the best men in Parliament are elected by the small boroughs, while the nominees of the great metropolitan districts only occasionally come up to the level of mere mediocrity. Go, however, a step further. The Vestries and the various Boards created for local services under recent statutes, are elected by bodies of voters much larger than the Parliamentary constituencies—in fact, by the very constituency which Mr. ROEBUCK proposes to universalize for his improved Parliamentary system; and the result is, that the calibre of their members is such as almost to bring freedom into discredit. No doubt these facts are often cited with sinister objects—as props for corrupt local influence, or as defences for narrow family monopolies. But it is nevertheless impossible to deny that they have a moral, when taken in connexion with the proportion of *abstentions* in the electoral bodies which variously discredit or distinguish themselves. In the small boroughs, almost every voter goes to the poll. In the large metropolitan constituencies, a vote of two-thirds is exceedingly rare. But, as respects Vestries and Burial Boards, the persons who disgrace themselves at those wonderful assemblies are nominated by an insignificant minority of their pretended constituents. Some of the districts of London, which are better qualified for self-government than any municipalities in the world—Belgravia, Tyburnia, the regions about Grosvenor and Portman squares, the suburbs of St. John's Wood and Camden Town—scarcely contribute a hundred votes to the Vestries which mismanage their affairs. Nor is it the rich, the indolent, or the refined, who alone abstain. All over the great west-end parishes, the busy and the peaceful of all classes refuse to employ their privilege. Of course Mr. ROEBUCK and his friends will abuse them for it. They will tell us that men who so undervalue a sacred right ought not to be allowed to affect a Reformer's theory of representation. But, as the American critic observed of Mr. TENNYSON, "what's the use of screaming at the calm facts of the universe?" It is a fact that, where there is a franchise very extensively and indiscriminately distributed, the best men don't vote and won't vote. The government of the country devolves on a handful of persons who find in their personal interest the requisite stimulus, as it does in America on the Democrats—a faction without the ghost of a political principle, an organized association for the procurement and distribution of official plunder. Every now and then, indeed, a great cause or a resistless popular cry wakens the dormant majority; or perhaps they are shamed into activity by the very depth of discredit into which the country has been dragged by its administrators. But, in a year or two, the old apathy returns, and the busybodies and the plunderers have it all their own way as before.

There are other truths which receive a confirmation, if indeed they required it, from these recent American elec-

tions. The extreme worthlessness of popular enthusiasm as a criterion of the importance of particular questions was never, perhaps, more strikingly illustrated. The issue which divided all America between BUCHANAN and FREMONT, and which lifted a whole people to a pitch of excitement barely once reached before in all their history, turns out to have been simply immaterial. All the spirit of the Northern States was roused to save Kansas from the contamination of slavery, and it now appears that Kansas was perfectly well able to save itself without the help of the Northern States or of Colonel FREMONT, their exponent. President BUCHANAN was wise enough to put in a tolerably honest man as Governor of the Territory, who had the decency to disallow the fraudulent votes tendered at elections by ruffianly visitors from Missouri; and the consequence is, that the citizens of Kansas, though every attempt had been made to recruit them with subsidized immigrants from the various Slave States, have declared almost unanimously for free-soil and free-labour. The existing condition of things is certainly rather anomalous, for a Convention named by the fictitious voters of former elections has gifted Kansas with a Slave Constitution; but this Constitution—or, at all events, the slavery clauses in it—will be submitted for ratification to the people, and there is not a shadow of doubt that the voice of the people, now genuinely expressed, will repudiate so much of the proposed fundamental instrument as legalizes negro servitude. Meanwhile, events have been occurring elsewhere which show how chimerical were the apprehensions entertained by the Slave States of Colonel FREMONT's advent to office. The planters seriously believed—and their belief told heavily on a part of the Northern States—that FREMONT, if he succeeded to the Presidency, would use the whole power of the Executive to second any unconstitutional resolutions which a Northern majority in the Washington Congress might be tempted to direct against the "peculiar institution" of the South. It happens, however, that President BUCHANAN has had to put out the whole strength of the American Executive for an indubitably legitimate object, and the result has simply been to show the utter incapacity of the American military organization to deal with any domestic difficulty of greater magnitude than the periodical outbreaks of Indian tribes. The extraordinary insolence of the Mormons in Utah has now gone the full length of treason, and it has become necessary to punish them, not only for systematic disobedience to national laws, but for a wholesale dispossession of Federal officers. The United States troops were ordered therefore to concentrate on the border of the settled country for an expedition to the Salt Lake. But of the forces ordered on the service, one whole corps deserted before reaching the place of rendezvous, leaving the officers almost without a man to command. Another proceeded some way on its march, but the Mormons succeeded in capturing and destroying the waggons which were conveying its provisions; and the latest advices give us reason to believe that the American regiments, left without food in a country absolutely bare of subsistence, were meditating a retreat towards Missouri. This rather ridiculous miscarriage speaks strongly to the weakness of the American Executive, under circumstances where it is not strengthened by the military contingents of the individual States. It also teaches something as to American history. It shows the extreme difficulty of reducing a rebellious dependency, situated at a distance from the seat of Government, thinly-settled, ill-mapped, little known, populated by desperate men, and assailed by forces which have only half a heart in the business. If these considerations were noticed by American orators on the Fourth of July, their addresses might perhaps reflect more credit than they do at present on the honesty, veracity, and common sense of the American people.

TELEGRAPHS TO INDIA.

THE blundering negligence which was shown in the despatch of the Indian reinforcements by sailing-vessels in preference to steamers, and by a long sea-voyage instead of the direct route through Egypt, has been considered, and not without reason, a fit subject for a special inquiry. Committees have, indeed, a wonderful power of staving off a decision on the very clearest matter until time, the healer of all things, has seemed to condone the grossest errors. Whether this will be the result of the promised investigation remains to be proved; but, however successfully the Government may elude censure in this particular, there is another

of their shortcomings which exposes itself without the aid of inquiry, although, by some strange piece of luck, it has scarcely brought down upon Lord PALMERSTON the faintest Parliamentary murmur. It seems almost to be forgotten that ships, and steamers, and overland mails are not the only or the quickest possible modes of communication. The loss of thirty days to every regiment sent to India without the aid of steam, and the still greater waste of time occasioned by the rejection of the overland route, are deplorable enough; but the apathy with which Ministers have received the proposition to place India in almost instantaneous communication with England by means of the electric telegraph, is even more unaccountable and perverse.

An English Association has long been in possession of firmans from the Porte and the Viceroy of EGYPT, authorizing the construction of a telegraph by way of Chios and Rhodes to Alexandria, and thence across Egypt and along the Red Sea towards Kurrachee or Bombay. Independently of any special exigency like that which now calls for the speediest communication with India, the principle of subsidizing the great oceanic lines of telegraph has been for some time recognised as a maxim of administration. Government aid enabled the Atlantic Company to make its recent bold though unfortunate experiment, to be followed, we hope, by a more prosperous effort in the coming spring. The same course had, indeed, been followed with reference to India; for the promise of a guarantee had been given to a crazy project for carrying a telegraphic line to the head of the Persian Gulf, across a thousand miles of territory nominally belonging to the SULTAN, who refused to sanction the scheme, but really in the possession of marauding Arab tribes, who would have pulled down the wires as fast as our engineers could have put them up. The Treasury, however, was besieged in vain by the promoters of the Red Sea project. They vainly urged that they were armed with the requisite authority, and that they had already found contractors willing to undertake the whole risk of laying the cables, and capitalists prepared with ample funds which would be forthcoming the instant a Government guarantee could be obtained. This alone was wanting to enable the work to be at once commenced. But this was steadily refused, and nothing was done. To have offered every encouragement to an impracticable line was considered so meritorious a proof of zeal, that it was quite unnecessary to extend the same assistance to a scheme from which the energies of its promoters had cleared away every difficulty except the great difficulty of Downing-street. We now know that the reason why sailing-ships were used for a month before steamers were permitted to ship a single soldier, was that the engines of the latter might be stimulated to a more energetic stroke by the emulation of a long stern chase after their wind-borne rivals. We think we can trace the working of the same astute policy in the treatment of the rival telegraphic lines. It was necessary that a halting project should be encouraged for a few years by the sunshine of Treasury favour, in order that the machinery by which the work was really to be done might be urged to greater activity and efficiency when its time of trial should arrive. Possibly it was imagined that the electric current would be stimulated to greater speed by the consciousness that many precious months had been thrown away before it was allowed to flow. But fate seemed resolved to tempt the Government to desert its principles. The Atlantic telegraph snapped, and just when we began to feel the mischief of former delays, and to discover that a telegraph to India would be worth its weight in gold, a couple of thousands miles of ready-made cable were thrown upon the market. A word from Lord PALMERSTON would have sufficed to hand the line over to the Indian company, who had all but completed the purchase; and, in all human probability, it might by this time have been transmitting the accounts of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL's campaign.

But the Government remained true to their system, and resolved to encourage the undertaking by a little more opposition. A very slight symptom of weakness was, it is true, shown by the PREMIER, who declared on the eve of the prorogation that everything which was possible without Parliamentary assistance should be done to carry out the enterprise. We confess we were gulled by this apparent frankness, and fully expected that the first announcement to the House of Commons after the vacation would be that the Government had secured the telegraph, and that the work was already approaching its completion. But we had not

adequately appreciated the tenacity with which the Treasury clings to a habit. No sooner were Parliamentary importunities got rid of than the plan was thrown overboard, and the most pressing want of the day was sentenced to another term of hope deferred. The strangest reports were current, too, of engagements which had been entered into with reference to a portion of the line which had been conceded to the English company. So incredible were these rumours that until they were partially affirmed by Lord PALMERSTON, on the second night of the December session, we could not believe that they had even shadow of foundation.

We have already said that the Red Sea Company had obtained the sanction of the Porte to carry their line by way of the Turkish islands in the Mediterranean to Alexandria. The whole route from England to India was therefore open to them; and, indeed, except by their permission, no other persons were to be suffered to land a cable in Egypt from any part of the Mediterranean. As there was no foreign difficulty to impede the execution of the project, it was thought necessary to create one, and negotiations were accordingly entered into with the Austrian government. In order to induce a Central European Power to take into its own hands the construction and working of the telegraph which was to be the means of communication between England and her Eastern Empire, it was proposed that Austria should make a line from our dependency of Corfu to the port of Alexandria, which, for telegraphic purposes, had been originally appropriated to the English company, and it was further understood that the projected Austrian undertaking should have the monopoly of the British official messages. Rumour, perhaps with some slight exaggeration, said that an agreement was already signed by which this anomalous privilege was secured in perpetuity to Austria. It appears from Lord PALMERSTON's explanation that he does not consider that England has bound herself to this extent. But his statement that he is ready to pay for the use of such a line in such manner as may be fair, is not altogether inconsistent with another form of the report—viz., that a monopoly for a limited time has been offered to Austria, with the tacit understanding that it shall be renewed from time to time; nor are we sure that the Austrian Government does not so construe what has passed as to claim the full measure of a perpetual privilege. We trust, however, that the influence of the Treasury has not led to any abandonment of the rights of the English projectors in favour of the foreign adventurers to whom the assistance refused to our own countrymen has been so liberally offered. Yet we confess that we are not reassured by Lord PALMERSTON's evident hankering after the Austrian scheme, and we are still less satisfied by his quiet remark that the carrying of the line from Suez to India was an obligation "which he did not see his way easily to fulfil." What matters it whether the thing can be done easily or not, if it can be done at all? It was not easy, we were told in June, to find as many steam-vessels as might be required for the transport of troops—so none were chartered. But surely, on emergencies like this Indian mutiny, it would not be very unreasonable to attempt some things not altogether easy. It was not easy to take Delhi, but that was not thought a valid reason for abandoning the attempt. All this, however, is beside the question. It was perfectly easy for the Government to have established a telegraphic communication with India entirely under English control. They had nothing to do but to guarantee a moderate annual payment, in return for which they would have had the free use of the line, and all other difficulties would have been taken off their hands. Instead of doing this, they have hawked about the promise of their business among foreign Governments and foreign speculators, and have not stirred a finger to help one of the most important, and at the same time one of the easiest, national undertakings which ever claimed official support. No excuse is admissible for our not having at this moment a telegraph to India, except proof of its absolute impossibility. Yet it might have been laid down without risk to the Government, and at a cost quite insignificant compared with the expense of the ordinary postal service to the East. Nothing can palliate the loss of so much precious time; but it is still possible to aggravate the mischief. It remains open to the Government to persist in discountenancing an enterprise which will save nearly half the time that must now be consumed in reinforcing our Indian army on any sudden call. If, however, this policy is pursued, the day of reckoning must surely come at last. Even Lord PALMERSTON's luck may break down if it be strained too far.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

FOR some years past, Mr. Dickens's Christmas Books have been superseded by the issue of an extra number of *Household Words*, containing either single tales or a collection of short ones. Some of these have been singularly and most deservedly successful—others less so; but, on the whole, they have been very favourable specimens of the best style of their author. Whether the number which has just appeared is entirely from Mr. Dickens's pen, or whether it is due in part—as one of our contemporaries has stated—to Mr. Wilkie Collins, it deserves cordial commendation on very high grounds. Like most other novels, it has, or rather it involves, a moral; and the moral is, we think, very opportune, very sound, and inculcated with great judgment and good feeling. It would be hardly possible, at such a time as this, for a man who is in the constant habit of addressing his contemporaries not to allow his writings to be coloured by the great event of the year which is just closing. The Indian mutiny must in some way or other affect almost every medium by which men communicate with their fellows. It presents, however, a serious difficulty to those whose peculiar talents lead them to address themselves to the lighter and more festive sides of life. There are subjects on which we could not bear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Years, perhaps a whole generation, must pass away before it would be otherwise than an indecency and an insult to make the great tribulation through which our countrymen have passed the theme of a novel. We must not botanize over those sacred and blood-stained graves. We must not convert into literary stock in trade the letters which so lately filled the columns of our papers, and which, though given to the world at large, were as awful as the last words of a dying friend. The Bible itself would be scarcely less fit for the purposes of a novelist than the Indian mutiny.

True, however, as this may be, it is no less true that the incidents of the past summer must excite in the most powerful manner the imagination of every one who is gifted in any considerable degree with the poetic faculty. Whatever may be the horror with which the circumstances of the revolt were invested, they must have produced feelings of exultation in every Englishman which naturally seek for an adequate expression through the channels which are at the disposal of the person who entertains them. The author of the *Perils of certain English Prisoners* has, we think, shown great judgment and good taste in the mode which he has adopted of expressing his own feelings without wounding those of his readers. He is deeply impressed with the heroism of which India has been the scene, and he celebrates it cordially and warmly; but in order to avoid the mistake to which we have referred, he lays the scene of his story, not in India, but in Central America, and in the year 1744, instead of 1857. It is, however, impossible not to see that, though the venue is changed, the parties are substantially the same. The treacherous Sambos, half-negro half-Indian, too much petted and trusted, are the Sepoys; the persons employed about the silver mine are the civil servants; and the soldiers and the women stand in a position analogous to that which they occupied in the Indian revolt. The story is told by a certain private of marines, who, when he goes out, cordially despises the delicate ladies and elegant gentlemen to whom he sees the management of things entrusted, and he is taught by the course of events to respect them for their fearlessness and hardihood. The moral is, that the various classes of society should learn to respect and like each other, and that the sad events which we have so lately witnessed ought to make us feel the various bonds by which, notwithstanding great and deep distinctions, all fellow-countrymen are connected.

To preach such a doctrine is surely one of the best services that a novelist can render to society. It is easy to forget and to deny it; and the forgetfulness and the denial involve consequences of the very deepest importance. We have on former occasions strongly expressed ourselves on the harm which Mr. Dickens did by sweeping and unjust denunciations of whole classes of the community. We gladly embrace the opportunity which the present publication affords of showing that our feelings and opinions upon the subject were based upon principle, and were not the result of any petty personal malevolence. Mr. Dickens now joins emphatically, though indirectly, in acknowledging the merits of the Indian Civil Service, for the isolated character of the foolish Governor is so extravagant and obvious a caricature that it does not alter the general effect, though it impairs the unity and interferes with the action of the story. We would ask Mr. Dickens to reflect a little on the consequences of this admission. Under the pressure of the most awful catastrophe that ever befel a great political system, the members of the most powerful and extensive administration in the world have behaved in a manner which has procured for them unanimous admiration. What were these men like before the outbreak which only revealed, but certainly did not produce, their courage and capacity? They had all the weaknesses, all the foibles, all the external appearance of harshness and prejudice which could be found at home. An Englishman, or a class of Englishmen, can always be made the subject of caricature. Our very virtues are to a certain extent ungracious and ungainly. Partly from a constitutional indifference to the opinions of others, partly from an equally constitutional pugnacity, partly as

a defence against the ceaseless and unsparing criticism to which they are exposed, people who fill public positions of whatever kind are apt to assume a harsh, dry official manner, which is certainly neither amiable nor promising. We do not defend such behaviour. It is a pity that it should be so common, but we do say that the history of the Indian mutiny shows—that an attentive observer of human nature ought to have known without it—that this manner is by no means an infallible proof either of incapacity or of indifference. The gifts of morals and of intellect which are most common in this country are not very easily detected. People aim so little at display that the ablest men would frequently appear mere blockheads to a casual observer. It would require no great acquaintance with society to name persons who are entitled by universal consent to the praise of first-rate ability, and who manifest it to the outside world principally by a great capacity for sleep, silence, and commonplaces. We have men amongst us who could not write a newspaper paragraph, or make a speech ten minutes long upon any subject but their own, without endless confusion and obscurity, but who could also try men for their lives without mistating or misunderstanding a single link of the most intricate and lengthy chain of facts. From the days of Mandeville to those of Mr. Thackeray, it has been a sort of commonplace to wonder at the number of heroes which every war discovers under the appearance of mere effeminate dandies; and it is no less true that an outside of parchment and red tape frequently conceals the sort of knowledge, vigour, and resource, which the Company's civil servants have displayed so abundantly during the events of the last six months.

We are glad to find in the tale before us an acknowledgment of at least one manifestation of these truths. That people are not so weak and inefficient as they seem at first sight, is the moral which the narrator of the story is made to draw from it. We hope that the author, or at any rate the editor, will adopt it also. It is to his geniality—a much abused word, which we suppose to mean enjoyment of what is worthy of admiration and affection—that Mr. Dickens owes his long-continued and wide-spread popularity. We would beg him to try to extend its bounds. It is not worthy of a man who exercises so much influence over his generation to allow himself to be caught by mere glaring theatrical virtues. He should seek out those which are somewhat unpicturesque and unamiable, and teach his readers that they too are worthy of respect and sympathy. Poets should not confine their songs to Agamemnons. Every one is ready enough to praise them; but few people recognise the fact that they are only samples of the society in which they are bred, and that the heat, the dust, and the turmoil of everyday life furnish the training by which they are made possible. It is no doubt true that, in the mine which we wish to see worked, the ore is much enumbered with dirt and dross; but that would only increase the merit of the man who could discover and exhibit its inherent richness. The soldiers and civilians whose heroism we are all agreed to admire, differ only in their circumstances from the bulk of the military and official classes. They were very commonplace people a year ago. They will be equally commonplace a year hence; but, in the meanwhile, "those good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England," have given us all a right to say that any Englishman you meet may be a hero. Popular novelists are, perhaps, our most influential preachers; and there is no doctrine which they ought to impress upon themselves and their readers more carefully than that of respect for goodness, whatever coat it wears. Nor can they diffuse any piece of information much more important than the fact, that goodness has a large and rather a homely wardrobe, and that it generally prefers the common dress of its own time and country to the crimson and gold of a theatrical hero, or the picturesque properties of a melodramatic pauper.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

"IT'S as good as a play," is substantially a eulogy upon any incident in real life; for it always means "as a good play." And a good play is one of the rarest of triumphs. It is a work of large and concentrated interests. It implies a plot of artistic combination, and addressed to high, if not the highest, human feelings. It includes dialogue, situation, the play of passion, unexpectedness, or surprise in the situations, and a certain moral satisfaction or retribution awarded in the end to the characters. But after all, the charm of it is, that it is highly artificial—either a comedy or tragedy of real life would be sadly dull. What one admires is the art and skillfulness of the artist. So that when we say of any performance among actual living men, that it is as good as a play, we do not always intend a compliment. To say of a sermon that it is as good as a play, is but questionable praise. And so with a trial—still more of a criminal trial. When we talk of the proceedings of a court of justice as a good performance, we do not intend a compliment. It is a fact, certainly, that the *Newgate Calendar* presents materials far more terrible than were ever placed on the stage, and that the *causes célèbres* beat the Novelist's Library; but still one does not frequent the Criminal Court to satisfy the tastes which we take to the Princess's Theatre. In France, however, they do. The whole thing is essentially dramatic. The Courts at least equal the Stage. The prisoner is brought in with melodramatic accessories; the indictment is generally written with the pen of Mr. Mansel Reynolds; the advocates

adopt highly stilted and metaphorical language, and make the theatrical points of the indignant avengers of virtue whom we hear of in the domestic dramas of thrilling interest; while, as far as one can judge, there are actually no rules of evidence in the French Courts stricter or more technical than those which bring the galleries down at the Victoria Theatre. Of course the whole thing becomes easier, and the profession of an *avocat* is considerably simplified. Sue is a better text-book than Chitty.

Here is this *Jeufosse* trial, which has, and very naturally, created so much interest both in France and in this country. It parallels in some degree the excitement of *Madeleine Smith's* trial; and partly from an actual correspondence in the cases, and partly from the fact that both Scotland and France are influenced alike by the traditions of the Imperial Civil Law, the verdict was more of a moral—perhaps we should say more of a theatrical—than of a scientific character. Expressed in the vernacular, *Madame de Jeufosse*, and her sons, and her servant *Crepel*, got off on the great principle of "served him right,"—the same principle which went so far to reconcile many minds to the Glasgow verdict. The case is very rich in dramatic incidents. It reads exactly like a novel. If the incidents are not owing to the skill of the *avocats*, they are precisely those which we meet with in nine French novels out of ten. The scene is laid in a chateau where a good deal of the noblesse traditions survive. *Madame* is the widow of an *ancien militaire*. She lives in retirement, and cultivates the widelike virtues of piety and the decent hospitalities of a country life. Her sons are of the country-squire type. Her daughter and her daughter's companion, as we have so often met with their like in print, belong, we suppose, to a class which reappears in every centre of rustic society, and they are brought up after a fashion which, as it would be impossible to invent, so we take it to be a mode of real life. As to *M. Guillot*, he really seems to have walked out of one of the little paper-covered books of the Railway Library for the occasion. We have met with the like of him at least fifty times in print. He lives in the nearest country town, and is the accredited *roué* of it, and is, or gives himself out to be, a lady-killer by profession. Of course he is a married man, and blest with a wife of the familiar Gallic type who adores him by reason and in spite of his infidelities. He seduces, or says that he seduces, all the women who come in his way. He visits at the Chateau de *Jeufosse*, of course; and, just as in the story books, he makes, or pretends to make, love to the governess and to the *jeune miss*. Whether he is successful is by no means clear, and by no means important; but after the manner of his countrymen—at least if we may trust French accounts of French manners—he compromises the young ladies, and also, as a matter of course, gives out in very minute details the particulars of his assignations. As far as we can judge, this was pure invention, though undoubtedly he was, for this sort of person, admitted to very dangerous familiarities at the chateau; but, to support his character, *M. Guillot* certainly goes to extraordinary lengths, which of themselves seem to prove the fictitious character of his triumphs. He runs about the widow's park, blows a hunting horn under his mistresses' windows, plants *billets doux* under the oak-trees in broad daylight, and amuses his nights by taking a servant to his nocturnal and demonstrative love-makings. How far, in the first instance, *Madame de Jeufosse* was to blame in permitting the visits of such a profligate to her family and to the society of the two girls, it is superfluous to remark. What, however, roused her maternal anxieties was not so much the flirtation—for she took all that as a matter of course—but the scandal which *M. Guillot* set on foot about it. The scenes in the drawing-room she submitted to; but the country talk fired her maternal solicitude. After in vain appealing to the fraternal feelings of her sons, she, almost in the words of King Henry, calls for an avenger of the family honour. Has she not a faithful retainer who will wash out, in the blood of the slanderer or the seducer, the stain on the *Jeufosse* escutcheon? Failing her sons, she succeeds with her gamekeeper. She sets *Crepel* on the watch—takes especial care that his gun should be well loaded—arms him with a double-barrelled justification in the shape of counsel's opinion, and her own promise to undertake all responsibility—and then gives orders to shoot *Guillot* when found in the park. After waiting for some nights, an opportunity offers for executing this curious commission of the feudal dame—*Guillot* and his servant come to deposit one of the usual love-letters, and *Crepel* shoots him dead.

Everybody in France, we imagine, believes this to be the right thing; and hence the terrible importance of the case. Here is the justice of poetry and the novel executed in the neatest manner. *Madame de Jeufosse* emulates the high sublime Norman virtues, and *Guillot*, for a dog's life, merits and meets a dog's death. The verdict is, "Served him right." If this is not law, it ought to be law—such is the French estimate of the incident; and the only thing that surprises us is the tedious formality of bringing the greatest of social benefactors to the mockery of a trial—*Crepel* as principal, and *Madame de Jeufosse* and her two sons as accessories—on a charge of vulgar murder. Of course they are triumphantly acquitted; the Court rings with the acclamations of public opinion, and the vindicators of public justice retire to the society which in their lives they have dignified, and which, by their sublime devotion to its rights and duties, they have elevated.

In social conditions which have not arrived at the trans-

cidental state in which natural justice vindicates itself in France, there are two or three ways in which the slander or outrage on the Jeufosse family might have been substantially redressed. Madame de Jeufosse, in a coarse stage of civilization, might have summoned her faithful retainers, and administered a hydropathic cure to the burning lover in the shape of a horse-pond or the baronial pump; or, if Guillot had been soundly cudgelled within an inch of his life, by sons or serfs, no great harm, but much substantial good, would have been the result. In a more artificial stage of national progress, M. de Jeufosse, *frère*, would have called out Guillot; and, though an appeal to sword or pistol would have been a very illogical and absurd process of whitewashing the young lady or blackening the rustic Lothario, there would, at least, be abundant precedent for such a proceeding. In England, we should, after our stupid way, have invoked the nearest magistrate; and the remedy, though prosaic, would have been substantial and effective. Madame de Jeufosse, however, with the entire assent of French opinion, appeals to the great unwritten law which is above and better than all codes and human sanctions. She flies to the original dictates of natural piety. With a superb "allocution," she appeals to the faithful gamekeeper. The old feudality survives the old chivalry. Crepel, after all, is only the representative of the Scotch clansman—he has neither hand, conscience, duty, or gun, which are not his lord's. He is a mere instrument. He is ordered to shoot a man, and he shoots him. He stands for hours behind a tree, watching his victim within safe distance, and brings him down accordingly—leaves him weltering in his death agony—and goes to the castle for his supper and approval.

This is all very well, if it were only written in a book. It is a picture of society and passion—of stern justice and righteous retribution—of a sort which, as a mere fiction, we should not very seriously quarrel with. We do not criticise questionable morality in literary common-places. Lucretia murdering herself, and Virginian murdering his daughter, and Queen Eleanor murdering Fair Rosamond, are all very well in their way. But they would be awkward incidents at the Kingston Assizes. Mr. Thurtell, we believe, executed, in a certain sense, a very substantial sort of poetical justice on a very great rascal—the late Mr. William Weare. Mr. Thurtell had received substantial wrongs at the hands of a blackleg, and Mr. Thurtell blew the blackleg's brains out. But then we hanged Mr. Thurtell. It was, perhaps, "served him right" for Mr. Weare; and perhaps we all said so. But then, here in England, we all thought it was also "served him right" for Mr. Thurtell. It is a very ugly feature in French civilization, that not only is the Jeufosse family acquitted by public opinion, but—or else the verdict is a terrible blot on the Evreux judge and jury—by French law. For, if we understand M. Berryer right, it is law in France that any trespasser on a private domain may be shot dead, there and then, without any cumbersome formality of warning off; and it is also law, that as natural justice vindicates a husband in killing an adulterer on the spot, so the same natural justice vindicates a deliberate act of murder perpetrated by oneself or one's gamekeeper in behalf of a daughter's honour, not imperilled by actual violence, but only clouded, or said to be clouded, by boastful slander. In such a state of things, law is superfluous—or, rather, it does not exist. Everybody's life is at the mercy of his neighbour, who is the sole judge of what amount of provocation, or what length of a saucy or malicious tongue, justifies him in deliberately planning and executing murder. If this is law in France, we had better retire to the poet's lodge in the wilderness—social life is impossible. Under this grave aspect of the Jeufosse case, it is quite below its importance to go into its legal details. It is enough to remark that, even as far as it was attempted to prove a justification—and what that justification amounted to, legally and morally, we have said—there was not a particle of proof, as we understand the term in a judicial English sense. Nine-tenths of the evidence was of a description which would be inadmissible in an English court. The alleged slander was "proved" in the most vague way; and as to the alleged intention "only to pepper Guillot," this justification was totally inconsistent with Crepel's defence that he had Madame de Jeufosse's express assurance that she had the highest professional opinion on the legality of shooting to death all common trespassers. But complaints on points of practice sink into insignificance in the face of the principle announced by the first of French lawyers, and accredited by the verdict of a French jury.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORY.

IN a recent number we gave a short account of the circumstances under which a large portion of North America is about to be thrown open to British enterprise. The first question that will occur to practical men will be as to the resources of this new country, the means of access to it, and the inducements it can offer to settlers in preference to better known regions of the same continent. To such inquiries no very positive answers can as yet be given; but it may be useful to state some reasons for mistrusting the exaggerated and contradictory statements that have lately been circulated, and to assist those who wish to form a rational opinion on the subject. We must clear the way for what we have to say by a few words of geography. If the reader will turn to the map of British America, and draw a line from the south point of Hudson's Bay, at Moose Fort,

to the nearest part of Lake Superior, scarcely more than three hundred miles distant, he may at once leave out of view everything to the east of that line. It is most unlikely that the pine-covered rocks, the morasses, and wastes—barren from almost perpetual winter—which form almost exclusively the territory of the Company to the south and east of Hudson's Bay, will ever attract settlers from England, or even from Canada. The same remark applies to the great tract that will be cut off to the northward by a line drawn due west to the Rocky Mountains from York Factory, the principal station of the Company on Hudson's Bay. We fully agree in the conclusion of the Committee of last session, that these inhospitable regions may best remain under the control of the Company, who draw from thence their chief supplies of the most valuable furs, by a system which at once preserves the wild animals and provides a subsistence for the Indian tribes—both sure to be soon sacrificed under a *régime* of competing traffic. Throughout all that part of the territory the soil is permanently frozen to a considerable depth, and but a small thickness at the surface is thawed during the short summers. In a few favoured spots only, some barley and potatoes have been raised; but save in stations supplied with provisions from a distance, civilized men cannot permanently maintain themselves. Yet these so-called barren grounds, cheerless and dreary as they are, should be dear to Englishmen, for they have been the scene of some of the noblest efforts of courage and endurance recorded in our national annals. Thirst for enterprise and scientific zeal carried Mackenzie, Back, Franklin, and many others through perils and privations far more trying than those of the soldier's life; and a still higher motive urged on Rae in those terrible years devoted to the search for our lost countrymen.

Between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains, and from the 49th parallel of north latitude (which divides our territory from the United States) to the 57th, passing through York Factory, is an irregular parallelogram, nearly 1200 miles long, and more than 500 in breadth; and here, if anywhere, we must look for a home for the new population that is to carry the British name and British institutions across the continent, from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific. But of this great space, more than one-half has so barren a soil and so rigorous a winter climate, that settlement will probably at all times be confined to spots offering some peculiar inducements, such as mines or fisheries; and the real area open for colonization does not probably exceed 200,000 square miles. Those who have happened to read some of the glowing descriptions lately given of the natural advantages of this region, or to have heard of several competing schemes for railways that are to traverse it—or, on the other hand, to have listened to the disinterested warnings emanating from the Hudson's Bay Company, threatening failure and disaster to future settlers—will be greatly surprised to learn that by far the greater part of the country in dispute is entirely unknown, save from the vague reports of Indian hunters, and for many thousands of square miles has never been traversed by white men. From the 49th to the 52nd degree, the Rocky Mountains send down vast masses of water towards Lake Winnipeg, the great central lake of British America. These waters form two important rivers that flow to the eastward—the one about 100 miles, the other about 250 miles, north of the boundary of the United States. After a course of about 400 miles, the southern stream turns to the northward, till, meeting its rival, the two branches of the Saskatchewan pour their united waters into Lake Winnipeg, about 200 miles from their junction. Along the main stream, and the northern branch, the Hudson's Bay Company have trading posts extending to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; but it is more than thirty years since the Company's servants were withdrawn from the only post ever occupied on the southern branch. Though there is good reason to believe that the district extending from thence to the frontier of the United States, and that lying between the two rivers, consist of prairie land, we are absolutely ignorant of the quality of the soil, of the amount of timber that may be scattered over it, or the mineral riches, whether of coal or metals, that it may conceal; and the same may be said of most of the country south and west of Lake Winnipeg, except near the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine.

We were, therefore, very glad to learn, from the address delivered at the last anniversary meeting of the Geographical Society by Sir Roderick Murchison, that the Government had agreed to equip a North American exploring expedition, consisting of a small party of scientific men, under the guidance of Mr. Palliser, whose pleasant account of his wanderings in the Far West we read with interest a few years ago. The objects of the expedition, which has since started, were said to be:—"First, to survey the water-parting between the basins of the Missouri and the Saskatchewan; also, the course of the south branch of the Saskatchewan and its tributaries. Second, to explore the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of ascertaining the most southerly pass across to the Pacific, within the British territory. Third, to report on the natural features and general capabilities of the country, and to construct a map of the routes."

This is just the sort of work that properly deserves the help of the Colonial Minister. Unlike those annual votes for transferring to the broad back of John Bull charges for the salaries of bishops and magistrates that ought to be defrayed by the colonies which they serve, expenditure for the purpose of discovering and

making known the natural resources of new districts of British territory, and so widening the range of national activity and influence, is a burthen to which no rational economist at home has ever objected. Believing that the men who have undertaken the work are fit to go through with it, we wish them every success, and anticipate valuable results from their labours, which will serve either to direct or to warn those adventurous spirits at home and in Canada who are impatient to try their fortune in the new territory. Some interesting information has, indeed, been already received. The most serious obstacle to the extension of colonization from the only existing centre at Red River, and one repeatedly urged by the representatives of the Company, is the want of fuel. We are aware that this has been denied, and that several witnesses (reported in the Blue Book) have asserted that a sufficient quantity of timber is found along the streams; but it is satisfactory to hear that the latest letters from the expedition confirm the reported existence of coal of good quality along the upper waters of the Assiniboine River. Another letter, which we have ourselves seen, might give a lesson of caution to one of the shrewdest of our public men. On the 23rd of June last, Mr. Edward Ellice informed the Committee that he considered there was no apprehension of any attempt on the part of the Americans to establish a settlement within the south part of our territory, "*within the lifetime of the youngest man now alive.*" The exploring party reached the frontier at Fort Pembina, about seventy miles to the south of the Red River settlement, just a month after this prediction was delivered; and they there found an American engineer occupied in laying out the site of a town, to be called St. Vincent, which was to be carried right up to a post that had been driven into the ground to mark the boundary of her Majesty's possessions. Our travellers were informed that there was already a thriving settlement at a distance of twenty-five miles in the American territory, and that an existing railway company had undertaken to carry a railway to that place, and to the future town of St. Vincent. No man can decide better than Mr. Ellice whether, if our territory were to remain unoccupied, and, as it now is, virtually closed against British settlers, the fast approaching stream of American enterprise is likely to be held back by an imaginary line, or even by a wooden post.

There is, however, a further question to be settled before any important practical results can follow from the removal of existing impediments to settlement in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. Accordingly, a large portion of the inquiries of the Committee of last session were directed to ascertain whether there is a reasonable prospect of obtaining easier access to that territory than by the laborious and even dangerous routes now in use. The greatest natural resources will be all but useless if those who inhabit the country are not able to export their surplus produce, and to obtain in return some of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. Taking the existing colony at Red River, which will, in all probability, be the centre from which future settlement will spread towards the west, we are informed, on the authority of Sir George Simpson, that the easiest and cheapest mode of transport for goods and passengers is by sea from England to York Factory on Hudson's Bay, and thence by river and lake navigation to Fort Garry on the Red River—a distance of six hundred miles. But owing to the frequent rapids and falls, requiring the carriage on men's backs of the cargoes, and often of the boats or canoes also, the difficulty and expense of river travelling throughout the whole territory is enormous. Thus the Company pay not less than 20*l.* a ton for freight of goods from York Factory to the Red River; and by the only other route through British territory, leading from Fort William on Lake Superior, by Rainy Lake, and the Lake of the Woods, to Lake Winnipeg, the difficulties of transport are at least equally great. There is, however, a great difference in favour of this latter route—now that steam communication is open throughout from England to the St. Lawrence, and thence to the end of Lake Superior—when compared with the difficult and dreary navigation of Hudson's Bay. In our opinion, indeed, the prospect of successful immigration to the Far West from Britain or Canada, turns altogether upon the possibility of opening a practicable route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg. This might be done either by a good land road from Fort William to Rainy Lake, or by canalizing the streams through which the present canoe route passes. The last alternative is not likely to be accomplished within reasonable limits of expense, and we are inclined to think that a more hopeful plan would be to seek a direct land route from Fort William to Rainy Lake, over which a cart road could be made that would be available for a great part of the year, and which would be shorter by one-third than the present canoe route. This is a question, however, that may best be solved by Canadian explorers, of whom one party is reported to have started during the past season; and when once it is understood that the Far West no longer contains forbidden fruit, guarded by a dragon, we may expect that the spirit of adventure will soon subside within reasonable bounds, and that we shall receive less exaggerated and less contradictory accounts than those that are bound up, side by side, in the Blue Book of last session. After comparing all the information that we have been able to collect, our own belief is, that when the southern part of the territory is freed from the weight of the Company's rule, population will steadily, though, perhaps, not rapidly, flow into the new channel which is about to be opened; and there is

nothing that we know of the climate, the soil, or the position of the new districts, which should prevent the establishment of a thriving and populous British community.

As for the wonderful projects of railways to be carried 3000 miles through countries altogether uninhabited by civilized man, and in great part unexplored—to pass the Rocky Mountains in places where it is not yet known whether a man can pass on horseback, and terminating at some yet unknown port in the Pacific—we will not be so rash as to say that the youngest man alive may not see such things, but we may be pretty certain that none of the existing projects can help towards realizing so grand a result. One useful object, however, they tend to accomplish. Believing it to be for the benefit of the world that the British people should maintain the influence of their manners and institutions, we deem it important that they should follow in this new track which is opened to them, by which a girdle may be laid across the American continent, and Canada be united with the remote British community that is springing up on the Pacific coast of America. The main inducement to settlers will be the belief that that communication will eventually be perfected; and after seeing the wonders which enterprise and physical science have wrought within the last thirty years, no one can say that such a belief is altogether groundless.

We must reserve for another occasion some remarks upon the present state of the British possessions upon the west side of the Rocky Mountains.

THE BEGGING-LETTER TRADE.

THE charitable munificence of the English people is conspicuous enough to be a theme of admiration with the more fair and friendly class of foreign writers. M. de Montalembert's genuine expression of sympathy with it is doubtless one of the items of that bill of hatred which the Veillot gang are not ashamed to run up against their most illustrious co-religionist. Of course this national characteristic has its practical disadvantages. If John Bull is apt to put his hands into his breeches pockets, he is, in consequence, haunted by a set of impudent ragamuffins, deafening him with "Please, give a poor boy a ha'penny." In particular, the mystery of begging-letter writing has attained a perfection which is, in its way, as far superior to the rude petitions of an uneducated age as the articles of a modern metropolitan journal excel the meagre paragraphs of a local *Flying Post* in the days "when George the Third was King." No doubt the market is still stocked with much equivocal paper, in the shape of strident appeals issuing from Lisson-grove or St. Giles's, in bad grammar and worse spelling, and bearing the signature of some Hibernian matron—Biddy Cassidy, or Honor O'Sullivan. It is also certain that these documents have their value in extracting the stray half-crowns of many a worthy Saxon paterfamilias, and in giving occupation, not to say vexation, to the industrious visitors of the excellent Mendicity Society—a society for which, let us say, by the way, put in a word at this season, when sensible people are perpend how most usefully to bestow their Christmas dole. But the first-rate article is a production of a very different kind. It is, indeed, a compendium of the style of many of the most popular writers of the day. It is a miniature of current literature. It embodies the romance of a Harrison Ainsworth, and the morality of a Tupper, and may sometimes soar, in the originality of poetic diction, to the height of a Sydney Dobell. It sometimes boasts of a more than British zest; for the national taste being well known upon the Continent, sagacious *entrepreneurs* are found in the great cities of Europe to cater to the craving.

We propose to lay before our readers one of these productions, which appears to us to be worthy of a high place in the collection of elegant epistles of the mendicant, not to say mendacious, order. Certain peculiarities of style—not to mention the place from which it emanates, and the tone of the narrative itself—point to an authorship not absolutely British. But the person to whom it was posted was a Briton, and the letter was drawn up to suit the insular market. We make no excuse for admitting into our columns what some persons might call so small a matter. Any contribution towards abating a folly of the day, and preventing bold imposture from intercepting the succours due to the fatherless and the widow, is a contribution to the sum of the world's happiness. But more than all, it is not to be forgotten that the College of impostors does not confine its studies to such comparatively innocent avocations as sweeping up the loose cash of credulous dupes. The same class of literary vermin that are ready to compose epistles of feigned distress—birds of the same feather as the gay and gallant Wozkowski—are able and willing to draw up those fallacious proposals, those letters of respectable gentlemen in want of governesses at Hamburg, which have too often lured the needy young gentlewoman into the clutches of the Continental procuress.

We should be very sorry to seem to counsel close-fistedness. But there is a wise generosity which is the result of principle, and a foolish one which often springs from no higher motive than impulsiveness. It is on the latter kind that begging-letter impostors trade, and it is well therefore to make their victims understand how egregiously they are gulled. They should be made to feel that the criminal indolence which compounds for the sacred obligations of charity by the indolent expedient of answering unexamined appeals by a little unheeded and superfluous cash, is not only mischievous to society, but very ridiculous

on their own part. It is right that the whole community should understand that the fabrication of such letters is a recognised branch of the thieves' business—as well understood and vigorously pushed as that of picking pockets or receiving stolen goods. It might be a wholesome lesson to not a few of the respectable ladies who lift their hands in solemn surprise at the sister of an Irish Viscount believing in a Polish refugee, to be told that they have often themselves been the examples of a credulity not less absurd, though they may not have paid for it so severely in their purses or their affections. It is the fault of the recipients of such epistles if they play into the hands of the writer. Not to talk of the *prima facie* evidence of fraud which even the best concocted tale will present to the person accustomed to analyse evidence, those in whom that gift was wanting, as it was in Miss Jones, have yet only themselves to thank if they are taken in. Supposing the letter comes from London, there is the Mendicity Society, which binds itself to follow out, with unwearied industry and great acuteness, all cases placed in its hands by subscribers who pay the moderate subscription of two guineas annually. Generally speaking, the more notorious cases are already known to, and inscribed in the black-book of, the Association; and the transmission of the letter is followed, in about twenty-four hours, by a short memoir of its writer, more true than flattering. If the document, however, emanates from the country, there is always the resource of asking for references. There is always a clergyman or a medical man in the village or the neighbourhood, to whom the really deserving petitioner would be glad to refer. The cases where "impenetrable mystery" is enjoined—where the "susceptibilities of a wounded heart" are pleaded as the reason for absolute secrecy, and a delay of twenty-four hours is deprecated as fatal to a life's happiness—may, with few exceptions, be safely consigned to the waste-paper basket as self-condemned impostures.

But we are keeping our readers from a treat which is sufficiently rich in a literary point of view. The method in which the fair authoress appeals alike to motives of human vanity and of religious sympathy—the varied strain of sentiment, piety, and archæology, so skillfully wound—betokens an experienced hand in its peculiar line of literature. Unfortunately, we believe that the gentleman for whom the epistle was composed was an F.S.A., and so he allowed some rather impertinent and prosaic doubts as to the authenticity of the date, 993, to interfere with the gushing philanthropy which such a tale was calculated to excite. The climax, so carefully reserved to the last, of a young life under such trying circumstances, a romance of goodness and of beauty, all brought to a dead lock for want of a "small bank-note," deserves to be recorded for the admiration of many a feeble composer of a three-volume novel:—

(Confidential.)

To yourself, Mr. —, SOLE.

From Italy.

DEAR SIR,—Be so good as to pardon this intrusion on your valuable time. I am a young lady, an orphan, left without a relative. My amiable, blessed grandmother died suddenly in Italy, where we have resided many years, in a beautiful villa, purchased for us by my beloved uncle, who lost his life whilst nobly trying to save the life of a fellow-creature from drowning. He was married then; his widow was a celebrated beauty, had been an actress. Since his death she lived in extravagance, soon lost all he left her; and when she had no more money, her gay friends forsok her. *Repentant* at last, she wrote to my Christian old grandmother, imploring her pardon and protection. Instantly she was sent for she came, and died a *Christian sincere*, a short time after her arrival at home. To me she left all she possessed. Her father had been a celebrated artist, as all his family had been before him—a very ancient family, of celebrated renown as artists. She was the *last* of the family. If she had a fine feeling stronger than another, it was the honourable feeling she entertained of her family, to preserve the old oil paintings and all the implements used at the times of her family and other ancient renowned artists. No eye ever looked upon her treasures except her husband, my uncle. He was no judge; therefore he had the curious metal chest enclosed in a wooden case, cemented all round, to keep it air-tight, and had secured, according to her wish, in a room at the top of the house. 993 is the date of the year of the curious chest. She dated her lineage from that period. *Rolls of parchment* records are within it, and various curious articles. She told me, that as she was the last of her race, she freely gave up to me a dying gift. I should soon find myself left entirely destitute, and as my dear grandmother's annuity was only for life, I should be obliged to live on *very little*. As my poor uncle had endeavoured to enlarge my fortune, he had not speculated successfully, but *lost*. She urged upon me to continue to be a good girl, and not to allow the renown of my beauty and fascinations to ruin me. That she felt convinced I was born to be a useful member to society, just as I looked so like an angel on earth, so she hoped I should die spotless. And she charged me *not to part* with a single article contained in that large and precious chest in Italy, and in England if possible to private gentlemen. Lovely creature, she expired, and lies buried side by side of her husband, whose body was washed ashore and buried. My dear, dear grandmother is buried too, and I am left. The little villa is mine, and the ground adjoining; it is neatly and tastefully furnished. I have let it for a term of twelve months to an English widow lady, her daughter, and two servants; she has promised to keep all in good order. She is an officer's widow, was unable to let me have a fraction of money till the expiration of the quarter. *Necessity* and economy compel me to leave Italy for England. This lady will be visited, and must visit. I possess no means, nor wish to either; I am alone, and *known* to be left poor. Offers and temptations I had too many before I left—*unprincipally*, for *Royalty* stoops to baseness. I am spotless, and I thank God that I am off for a time. The curious chest I fetch along with me. I intend to dispose of it in England; also all the curious, rare articles contained within. There are *twenty-seven pictures* of great value also enclosed within. It is my wish, most honoured sir, to make you the first sight, because I know that you are a connoisseur and lover of curiosities rare and ancient canoes. I inherit many, which belonged to my dear mother's great grandmother, a *Royal Venetian* lady, all of value, I fetch along with me, for I am not certain whether I shall not reside in England. At the frontier I had a good deal to pay for the contents of the chest, and had to stand by and watch the officers till the wooden case was fastened down, corded, and sealed by my family seal, not to be broken till its arrival at the Custom House in London.

To my mortification, I find that I cannot pay my bill at this hotel, nor my

journey to London. My dear sir, permit me to throw myself *confidentially* upon your goodness, entreating you to be so kind as to advance me, enclosed in a letter, a small *Bank-note*, to enable me to pay, and instantly leave for London. As soon as possible after my arrival, I shall drop a note, giving you my address, when I hope you shall honour me by a reply; and, according to your desire, I shall be happy to act. With all confidence, I rely upon you, most honoured sir. Pardon me, with all delicacy, and feminine and ladylike gratitude. I hope I have the honour to be, dear sir,

Your very humble and dutiful

Poste Restante, Paris, 29th Nov., 1857.

P.S.—I am in agony, and rely upon God and you.

GAZZA LADRA.

THE *Press* newspaper has always disclaimed any personal connexion with Mr. Disraeli—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that Mr. Disraeli has always disclaimed any personal connexion with the *Press* newspaper. We are bound to accept a statement which we have no means of absolutely disproving. Nevertheless, we observe occasionally suspicious signs which indicate, not only a similarity of political sympathies, but an identity of literary morality. Mr. Disraeli not unfrequently trusts to his note-book for his rhetorical illustrations, and the journal which follows his fortunes, not unnaturally perhaps, imitates the example of its model. On November the 28th, there appeared in our columns an article under the title of "Steam v. Sails," illustrating certain facts with reference to the transport of troops from England, and examining the justice of the assertion in the *Times* that "the Queen's Government had not been primarily to blame in this affair." On December the 12th, the *Press* took occasion to treat of the same subject. We subjoin in parallel columns, extracts from the two articles:—

SATURDAY REVIEW, Nov. 28.

On July 10th, Captain Vivian having put a question to Mr. Vernon Smith, the President of the Board of Control gave this pleasant reason for the arrangement he had adopted—that "it had been thought better to send some of the troops in sailing-vessels, in order to excite a rivalry between them and the steam-vessels." This is much as though, when a country bank is on the point of breaking, its friends should despatch half the sovereigns which are to save it by express train, and half by the heavy waggon, in order to excite emulation in the breast of the waggoner. Then, on the 17th, rose Sir C. Wood, with that graceful diffidence which is characteristic of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and stated "that it had been said that a good deal of injury had been done to the public service by sending our forces in sailing-vessels rather than in steam-ships. This, however, was a mistake. Long voyages, at certain periods of the year, were accomplished quicker, or as quick, by sailing-vessels as by steam-vessels, and the particular case now under consideration was one of them."

PRESS, Dec. 12.

On the 10th of July we find Mr. Vernon Smith, in reply to Captain Vivian, announcing that, as 4000 additional men are to be sent out to India at once, the Government had resolved to despatch in steamers, not the whole of the force, but 2000 men. Not that they believed those men would arrive sooner at their destination; for, said Mr. Vernon Smith, "at this period of the year, sailing-vessels are even swifter than steamers;" but "to excite a rivalry" between the sailing and steam-ships, the better to insure "an expeditious passage." About as wise a provision as if, in case of riots in the North, we despatched one-half of the troops from Aldershot by railway, and sent the rest by scraggon. About a week after this, we find Sir C. Wood assuring us that "it was a mistake altogether to suppose that steam-vessels were preferable to sailing-ships for the rapid transport of troops," and asserting, with all that diffidence peculiar to the Right Hon. Baronet, that "long voyages, at certain seasons of the year, were accomplished quicker, or as quick, by sailing-ships as by steam vessels, and that the particular case now under consideration was one of them."

We certainly are not such selfish parents as to grudge our own offspring the adoption of patrons likely to make their fortune; but the natural instincts of paternity revolt at the notion of our progeny being subjected to the treatment which Sheridan ascribes to the gipsies, of disfiguring the children they have stolen, in order to make them pass as their own. We confess to a prejudice against meeting even our own footman decked out in our cast-off clothes. It may be said that we are ungrateful, and that to be "dressed at" is the height of flattery. For our part, however, we must say that in this instance the adulation is too gross to be acceptable.

WALLS AND WALL PAINTING AT OXFORD.

OXFORD, in addition to certain other and more important steps of a somewhat startling but very commendable character, has recently made—or rather is at this moment making—some remarkable experiments in architecture and architectural painting. The names of Mr. Woodward, Mr. Butterfield, and Mr. D. G. Rossetti are guarantees, not only of merit, but of novel merit in the works committed to their execution; and to these gentlemen, and their disciples and associates in art, have been entrusted works which cannot fail before long to attract a considerable amount of public and artistic attention. Mr. Butterfield, the architect of the famous All Saints' Church, Margaret-street—certainly the most original piece of modern London architecture—has lately finished the new Chapel of Balliol—a structure inferior to the metropolitan building by which he has deservedly made so much reputation, but exhibiting several of its most striking characteristics. The works, however, to which we would more particularly draw the attention of our readers are the Oxford New Museum and the new Debating-room of the Union, both by Mr. Woodward. These as yet unfinished buildings are remarkable chiefly for a singularly happy modification and adaptation of the forms of old Italian Gothic architecture to modern English uses. The modification of the

old style is, however, so great as to constitute a style having strong claims to be henceforth regarded as a new and independent one. The change—which is quite as considerable as took place in the transition from any one phase to any other of classical or mediæval building—consists chiefly in the addition of lofty broad-roofs suitable to a northern climate, and of windows so constructed as to take advantage of modern mechanical improvements, to the ordinary forms of Venetian Gothic, in which the wall was a far more important element than in the Northern pointed styles. The Italian style, on this account, was incomparably better fitted for secular purposes than the contemporary Northern manner, which was continually tending to the entire abolition of wall, and the substitution of spaces occupied wholly by buttresses, shafts, and mullioned and traceried windows. This manner of building, on its revival, has naturally called for a corresponding revival of mural decoration; and accordingly a number of painters, consisting of one or two of the leaders and several of the more promising disciples of the pre-Raphaelite school, have undertaken to adorn the walls of the Union with a series of paintings on subjects from the Arthurian Romances—it being proposed that the new Museum shall receive similar decorations when the building is sufficiently advanced to allow of their being proceeded with.

The plan of the room in which these paintings are in progress is an elongated octagon, two of the sides being double the length of the other six. This arrangement gives ten equal bays, each of which is pierced, a little below the springing of the roof, by two circular cusped windows. The portion of the interior wall-surface which is being painted is that which is thus pierced. It is a band of some ten or twelve feet in breadth, and extending all round the building at a very considerable elevation above the floor. Four of the bays are, as yet, blank—the painting of only three is completed, or nearly so—and the other pictures are in various stages of progress. The subjects finished, or in hand, are the following:—"King Arthur receiving the Sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake," by J. H. Pollen, who has already distinguished himself at Oxford as an architectural painter by his beautiful decoration of the roof of Merton Chapel; "Sir Palomides' Jealousy of Sir Tristram and Isolt," by W. Morris, who is engaged also on the painting of the roof; "Merlin being lured into the pit by the Lady of the Lake," by E. Jones; "Nimue bringing Sir Peleas to Ettarde, after their quarrel," by V. Prinsep; "Sir Lancelot asleep before the Shrine of the Sangrael," by D. G. Rossetti; and "Arthur conveyed by 'Weeping Queens' to Avalon, after his death," by Arthur Hughes.

These paintings, which are in distemper, not fresco, promise to turn out novelties—and quite successful novelties—in art. We have not seen any mural painting which at all resembles, or, in certain respects, equals them. The characteristic in which they strike us as differing most remarkably from preceding architectural painting is their entire abandonment of the subdued tone of colour and the simplicity and severity of form hitherto thought essential in such kinds of decoration, and the adoption of a style of colouring so brilliant as to make the walls look like the margin of a highly-illuminated manuscript. The eye, even when not directed to any of the pictures, is thus pleased with a voluptuous radiance of variegated tints, instead of being made dimly and unsatisfactorily conscious of something or other disturbing the uniformity of the wall-surfaces. Those of our readers who have seen any of Mr. Rossetti's drawings in water-colours will comprehend that this must be the effect of a vast band of wall covered with paintings as nearly as possible in that style of colouring. Those who have not had that pleasure—and Mr. Rossetti's odd crotchets of refusing to exhibit has made these the majority—must be content with a less perfect idea; for this painter, who has necessarily given his tone to the whole work, is, among painters, what Mr. Butterfield is among architects—that is to say, about the most startlingly original living. Original artists, in every kind, are almost always mannerists—though it by no means follows that mannerists are original; and when the peculiar *mannerism* is added to the peculiar *style*—that invariable and essential accompaniment and proof of genius—the result is a departure from precedent as indescribable as it is complete. Mr. Rossetti, whom Mr. Ruskin has pronounced to be the only modern rival of Turner as a colourist, must at least be allowed, whether we admit that rivalry or not, to equal Turner in one of the noblest and least attainable qualities of harmonious colour—namely, its mysteriousness. The apparition of the "Damsel of the Sangrael," surrounded with angels, on the wall of the Union, is a remarkable example of this mysteriousness. It is no skilful balance, according to academical rules or recipes by Mr. Owen Jones, of a red robe here, with a blue one there—it is "like a steam of rich, distilled perfumes," and affects the eye much as one of Mendelssohn's most unwordable "Lieder ohne Wörter" impresses the ear. The colour is as sweet, bright, and pure, as that of the frailest waif of cloud in the sunrise; and yet, if closely looked into, there is scarcely a square inch of all those hundred square feet of colour which has not half-a-dozen different tints in it. The colours, coming thus from points instead of from masses, are positively radiant, at the same time that they are wholly the reverse of glaring. An indefiniteness of outline—by no means implying any general dissolution of form—is a necessary result of Mr. Rossetti's manner of colouring; but this result is one which seems to us to render it all the better suited for architectural painting. Architecture, being itself characterized in all its leading features

by the strongest definiteness of outline, ought to be relieved—not, as hitherto, emulated—in this respect, by mural painting.

The subject of Mr. Rossetti's picture is a very fine one, and it is worthily conceived and executed—so far, at least, as we can judge of the work in its unfinished state. It is related that Lancelot fell asleep before the shrine of the Sangrael, the object of his search, and could not enter in, because of his love for Guinevere. Mr. Rossetti has represented the knight asleep on the ground, with a vision of the Queen, in all her glory of mortal beauty, standing between him and the Damsel of the Sangrael, who appears in air, holding the sacred chalice, and surrounded by angels. The Queen, while she regards Lancelot, has her arms among the branches of an apple-tree—apparently to remind us of man's first temptation.

Mr. Rossetti and his associates have observed the true conditions and limitations of architectural painting with a degree of skill scarcely to have been expected from their inexperience in this kind of work. It is to be remembered that the wall-surface allotted to each picture is pierced and cut away to the extent of, say, about one-third, by two large cusped windows, and that the subjects have all to be so managed as not to clash with this condition, which they would do were they not each divided into three principal compartments—as, for example, into the three figures and points of interest already described in Mr. Rossetti's piece—and were they not also made to consist almost entirely of objects in the full foreground.

Mr. Arthur Hughes' painting of the "Funeral of Arthur" is the only exception to the brightness of colour for which these pictures are remarkable. As the scene is a moonlight one, it could not well be otherwise than thus exceptional, and there is a certain poetic value in the contrast; nevertheless, we could have wished that architectural had here prevailed over poetical considerations, and that, if necessarily dark, the subject—essential as it seems—had been omitted, in order to secure uniformity of colour throughout the entire band of wall. The position, however, of this painting, at one of the ends of the room, together with a comparatively subdued tone of colour in Mr. Pollen's picture in the corresponding bay at the other end, prevents the contrast in question from violating symmetry in an unpleasant degree.

Mr. Morris's work, both in his picture and his roof-decoration, indicates a real feeling for peculiarly architectural painting. The sunflowers in his picture, and the flying water-fowl in that of Mr. Pollen, are striking examples of fine artistic power submitting to special material conditions, not only with a good grace, but with delight and profit to itself.

Mr. Jones's painting is, we believe, the first work he has submitted to public inspection, (with the exception of the designs for the stained glass in Bradfield College, Berkshire. As such, it is remarkably creditable. The colour is excellent, and the figure of Nimue full of repose and noble natural grace. Mr. V. Prinsep is also executing his first public work on this occasion; but it is not sufficiently advanced to allow of our forming an opinion of it. We understand that Mr. Rossetti is to paint one, if not two, of the remaining bays.

In the tympanum of the porch to this room is a carving in stone by Mr. Monro, after a design by Mr. Rossetti. It represents Arthur at table with all his knights, and has the peculiarity of being coloured. Mr. Woodward and his pre-Raphaelite friends are clearly of opinion that the use of colour in architecture may and ought to be revived to an extent at present almost undreamt of by most persons; and certainly, in the beautiful and original Gothic room which Mr. Woodward has just completed in the house of Dr. Acland at Oxford, the extremely bold chromatic decoration is entirely successful.

We must not forget to mention that the painting of the Union Room is, on the part of all persons concerned, entirely a labour of love. As is often the case with such labours, its success will probably render it, in the long run, a good investment of time and pains.

We shall look with much curiosity to the completion of the Oxford New Museum, which promises to be our first great public work in which painting and sculpture have entered into a vital alliance with architecture. In this work Mr. Woodward has abandoned certain false traditions of building with admirable boldness. The covering-in of the quadrangle with glass and architectural iron-work is a perfectly new step in architecture, and one that was demanded by our modern means and requirements. His courage in adopting the plan, first publicly recommended by Mr. Ruskin, of entrusting the design as well as the execution of the stone carvings to common workmen, has been rewarded hitherto with full success. We do not remember any modern carving more beautiful than the foliage in the windows of one of the stair-turrets, and round the chimneys of the laboratory.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Indian journey of M. Von Orlich was soon followed, as most of our readers will recollect, by the visit of another Prussian to our Eastern dominions. Within little more than two years after his return to Europe, the young Prince Waldemar, whose health had been somewhat impaired by his travels, died from the effects of an accident. His journals and other papers

were collected and fused into a work,* which was printed for private circulation by his family, and stamped with the approbation of Alexander von Humboldt, who enriched it by a very touching, if perhaps rather over courtly, preface. The book before us consists of a careful abridgment of the original, drawn up and published, with the permission of the Prince's surviving relatives, by a gentleman who is attached to a gymnasium at Hirschberg, in Silesia, which is presided over by a former tutor of Prince Waldemar's. The first part describes the journey from Berlin, by Trieste, Egypt, and Ceylon, to Calcutta—the second is devoted to the route from Calcutta to Patna, Katmandu, Benares, Delhi, &c.—the third recounts the expedition of the Prince into Tibet—and the last is chiefly occupied by the Sikh campaign.

We can give no great praise to the majority of the illustrations in the *Düsseldorfer Künstler Album* for 1858.† Those, however, who like Annuals may safely order a copy of it, for the whole getting up of the volume is so unique that it will pleasantly relieve the monotony of Keepsakes and Books of Beauty. Four pictures—"The Greeting," "The First Walk," "The Bards," and "True Friends"—are of great merit. We have not attempted to read more than a few of the poems, whose name is Legion.

The *Rheinisches Taschenbuch*‡ is a publication of the same class, but much smaller and less ambitious. Two of the engravings, however, in the volume for 1858 are quite admirable. These are the "Prayer for the Sick Mother," from a picture by Pixis, a young artist of great promise; and "The Angel of Everlasting Peace," by X. Barth, of Munich, which, surpassingly beautiful in itself, acquires additional interest from the fact that the original picture was painted, and placed in the Camposanto of Munich, to commemorate the death of three of the artist's children in the cholera of 1854.

Dr. Kiesel's *Lectures on Pre-Christian History* were delivered at Düsseldorf in the winter of 1855-56.§ They are twelve in number, and treat of primeval history, of ancient Asia, of the Phœnicians, of Greece, of the Macedonian empire, and of the Romans. The key to their author's philosophy is to be sought in the expression, "Die Sündenfall ist die Wurzel der Weltgeschichte."

Riehl's *People of the Palatinate*|| belongs to a class of books which will be commoner twenty years hence than they are now. It is not a statistical account of the region to which it refers, nor yet a history of its inhabitants, but a picture of them and their land founded on history, statistics, and minute personal acquaintance. Undertaken by the command of the King of Bavaria, it treats chiefly of the Bavarian Palatinate, but the author often extends his survey beyond the limits of that district. He discusses the physical geography of the country, the ethnology of the people, the influence of race upon their character, and the architectural and other monuments which throw light upon their modes of thought. Thence he passes on to their habits, their dress, their cookery, and then rises to the more dignified consideration of their language, their political and social characteristics, and their religious life. M. Riehl aspires to produce not a "photograph, but a portrait, such as those of Titian and Vandyke." This is bold language, but we are bound to say we have not of late seen any book which has repaid a hasty glance with so many new ideas.

Des Minnesangs Frühling,¶ is a collection of the poems of some of the fathers of German song, begun by Lachmann, and, since his death, completed by Haupt. It is an octavo volume of moderate size, most carefully edited, and contains the compositions of twenty authors, whose real or assumed names are preserved, as well as some by unknown hands. The language is, of course, archaic. The following very graceful verse is the first in the whole collection:—

Du bist min, ich bin din,
Des solt du gewis sin;
Du bist besozzen
In minem herzen,
Verlor ist das slüzzelin,
Du muost immer drinne sin.

Auerbach's *Familienkalendar* for 1858,** is a combination of the almanack and the story-book—very pleasant in its own way, but not particularly noticeable.

A careful biography of Ulrich von Hutten†† by the merest

* *Die Reise Seiner Königlichen Hoheit des Prinzen Waldemar von Preussen nach Indien in den Jahren 1844 bis 1846.* Aus dem darüber erschienenen Prachtwerke im Auszuge mitgetheilt. Von J. C. Kutzner, Lehrer in Hirschberg. Berlin; Decker, London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Düsseldorfer Künstler-Album*, 1858. Düsseldorf: Arnz. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ *Rheinisches Taschenbuch*. Frankfurt: Sauerland. London: Williams and Norgate.

§ *Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der vorchristlichen Zeit, gehalten zu Düsseldorf im Winter 1855-56.* Von Dr. R. Kiesel. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

|| *Die Pfälzer. Ein Rheinisches Volksbild.* Von W. H. Riehl. Stuttgart und Augsburg: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¶ *Des Minnesangs Frühling*. Herausgegeben von Karl Lachmann und Moritz Haupt. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

** *Berthold Auerbach's Deutscher Familienkalendar auf das Jahr 1858.* Mit Bildern nach Originalzeichnungen, von Wilhelm von Kaulbach, Ludwig Richter, und Arthur von Ramberg. Nebst einem popular-astronomischen Kalendarium, von Dr. Odolph Drechsler. Stuttgart und Augsburg: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate.

†† *Ulrich von Hutten.* Von David Friedrich Strauss. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

literary workman would have been no small boon to the students of German history; but the publication of a life of this strange man, whose character has been hitherto so imperfectly known, from the pen of D. F. Strauss, is an event of no slight importance. The author of the *Leben Jesu* has, as many of our readers are aware, turned his attention of late years rather to history than theology. Moderate men of all opinions who know the circumstances of the case, find, in this change in the direction of his efforts, good cause for rejoicing. The work before us is in two small octavo volumes, and traces the history of the fiery Franconian from his childhood to his university career and his first important friendships—follows him through his disagreements with his family and his adventurous wanderings in Germany, his visits to Italy, and his quarrel with the Duke of Wirtemberg—examines his connexion with the early Reformers—and then, at great length, details his deadly struggle with Rome, down to his miserable death in an island in the lake of Zurich. "May he," says his biographer at the conclusion of the chequered story, "burn like hatred in our souls against all that is un-German, un-free, un-true; but may he glow in our hearts like inspiration for the honour and glory of our Fatherland. Let him be the genius of our people, at least so long as we need a wrathful, punishing, warning, guardian spirit." We may perhaps speak more fully hereafter of this remarkable book.

*Aus vier Jahrhunderten** is the title given by Dr. Weber to a series of "Curiosities of History" from the archives of Dresden, which have for some years been under his superintendence. The book is a sort of *Olla podrida*, full of amusing matter, and of some importance to the historical student. In the Record Office at Dresden, a vast collection of documents not immediately connected with State affairs has been preserved. The reason of this is, that a practice long prevailed in Saxony of sending an officer to the house of all the servants of Government who were acquainted with State secrets, with directions to seize all papers in any way bearing upon public affairs. These persons, fearing, above all things, to be accused of remissness, often seized private as well as public records. Thus the Government became possessed of a huge mass of rubbish, tailors' bills, butchers' bills, and the like; but it also obtained many documents which throw light upon the bye-ways of history. These, as well as more formal records, Dr. Weber has used in the compilation of his work.

We have already said what good we know of Carl von Raumer's educational views. The part of his large work† which treats of the education of girls, has lately been reprinted in a separate form. It finely illustrates the worst points of its author's mind, and can only be recommended to those mothers who think the highest type of female excellence to be the crazy good woman who is so common in the *Kreuz Zeitung* circles of Germany.

AMERICAN METHODISM.‡

THE engraving which adorns this volume, of the Falls of Niagara, with a brace of unmistakable Methodists in the foreground, is a type of its general contents. The front central position is occupied by Dr. Hannah, pondering the roaring chasm below, behind whom, at a respectful distance, sits the Rev. F. J. Jobson, apparently sketching the coat-tails and walking-stick of his chief. The great Canadian Fall rises white and vast beyond, with Goat Island in the well-known attitude, seeming to topple on the verge of that tremendous leap. It is becoming more and more a part of religious organization that each influential sect should have its own books on the commonest subjects, and that such trite and worn-out wonders as the social habits and local features of Anglo-Saxon America should be seen by the class members through the eyes of the Connexion. Thus it is in the volume before us. Hotels, railways, rivers, stores, negroes, and waterfalls are shown through the sad-coloured lens of Methodism. We have no wish to quarrel with this form of religious development, or with this example of it. There is an abundance of wide and healthy literature at hand to correct the narrowness of view which such writings might engender; and they who refuse its modifying influence would, probably, under any circumstances, find similarly powerful means of contracting the mind.

The book seems to be what it professes to be—a mere collection of letters to friends in England, strung together without the least attempt at methodical arrangement. The volume is filled as a man packs a carpet-bag in a hurry, and finds afterwards his slippers among his shaving tackle, his toothpowder converted into scent for his handkerchiefs—here a comb and there a sock. To some minds this kind of writing has the charm of what they call "nature"—i.e., it sympathizes with the native disorder of their own minds, and, by putting reflection out of the question, rids them of an uncomfortable idea. To turn, however, from the general class of writings to which it belongs to the individual specimen, the work before us is remarkable for the absence of that tone which high education gives to

* *Aus vier Jahrhunderten.* Mittheilungen aus dem Haupt-Staats-archiv zu Dresden, von Dr. Karl von Weber, Ministerialrath, Director des Haupt-Staats-archivs. In zwei Bänden. Erster Band. Leipzig: Verlag von Bernhard Taubnitz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Die Erziehung der Mädchen.* Von Karl von Raumer. Zweite vermehrte Auflage. Stuttgart: Liesching. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ *America and American Methodism.* By the Rev. F. J. Jobson. With a Prefatory Letter by the Rev. John Hannah, D.D. London: Virtue.

an author's composition, and which is even more marked in a free and careless than in a studied style. It is also the only book of travels that has fallen in our way which has been successful in excluding from its descriptions and comments the element of humour. There is not, we can assure the reader, even an attempt at a joke anywhere on the author's part throughout these four hundred pages; and this is a distinction, the credit of which he ought not to lose. Let not the cursory reader who catches the name of "Punch" in turning over "Letter X." suppose that any reference to our profane contemporary of Fleet-street is intended. "Punch" is the name of a negro convert who becomes a preacher, and converts "the persecuting overseer." There is, indeed, mention made of a gifted Methodist divine of whom many anecdotes are related "very racy and amusing," and which "highly illustrate his power of repartee." But the only scrap of jocularly adduced as a sample is from his last sermon at a camp meeting:—

It is said that when he gave out his text of "But grow in grace," he announced it with these words—"You will find my text in the *last* Epistle of St. Peter, the *last* chapter, the *last* verse; and it may be that from it I shall preach my *last* sermon."

The italics, it need scarcely be told, are the author's; and, though he does not joke himself, they show us what his notion of a joke is, and what he might have done had he been so minded. We thank him, on the whole, for his forbearance, and proceed to eul another, still second-hand, specimen. The author is speaking of some "Irish friends":—

Their conversation is ever bright and sparkling. One of them amused us much by a thorough Irish bull which he perpetrated one day when we were conversing with him on the difference of time between friends at Indianapolis and in England and Ireland. A bright thought seemed to flash through him in an instant concerning the electric telegraph wire proposed to be laid down between England and Ireland and America. "Ah!" said he, "we are six hours behind them in England and Ireland; but soon in less than that time we shall have news from across the water here, so that we shall have news of an event before it has occurred." That it would appear so by difference of time was what he meant, but it was not what he said.

These are the only two shocks which threaten the moral equilibrium of the book, and they probably have not disturbed the gravity of the reader.

The author appears not to have read Cooper's novels, and to be unacquainted with such a person as "Uncle Tom." Yet, singularly enough, he records from the Rev. James B. Finley's *Sketches of Western Methodism* what looks like the veritable prototype of that Christian of romance. There is about this story a worked-up tone, and an air of dramatic finish, which provokes a suspicion like that with which we listen to mediæval tales. The story is shortly as follows:—A slave, by name "Cuff," is sold with a warranty of freedom from vice, "unless," it is added, "that he will pray and attend the meeting." His purchaser was "an infidel newly settled in life, and whose youthful wife had before her marriage often heard with deep feeling the addresses and prayers of Cuff." The slave, having changed owners, is overheard by his mistress "praying not only for himself, but also for his new 'massa' and 'misse,'" just as St. Clair in the story overhears Tom. Having indiscreetly confessed that he had been to meeting, he is told by his master that he must "quit praying," and refuses. He is tied to a tree and flogged by the master's own hand, who, as he pauses at intervals, inquires regularly whether Cuff will "quit praying," and receiving a negative answer, continues to apply the lash, and repeat the question, until "from sheer exhaustion he can strike no longer." The slave crawls off to his hut, and is heard singing a verse of a hymn. His mistress is seen looking through the hut window in tears, and, on venturing to remonstrate with the tyrant, is threatened with the "cowhide" herself. The infidel raves and curses through the day; and when

night came, he writhed with agony on his bed. Before the morning dawned he exclaimed, "I feel I shall be damned! O God, have mercy upon me! Is there any one to pray for me?" "None," said the wife, "unless it be the poor negro you have whipped so severely." "He will not pray for me," said the husband. "He will, I am sure," said the wife. "Then send for him without delay, for I cannot live as I am," said the husband. Cuff was sent for; he came, sore and bleeding, expecting more ill-usage, when, to his great astonishment, he found his cruel master bowed upon the floor of his room, and crying to Heaven for mercy. "Cuff, will you—can you pray for me?" was the earnest inquiry proposed to the bowed slave. "Yes, massa," was the prompt reply; "I have been praying for you and misse all night." They prayed and wept together until the heavy burden was removed from the awakened conscience, when the rejoicing master, springing to his feet, and throwing his arms around his dark slave, exclaimed, "Cuff, my forgiving brother, from this moment you are a free man!" The master formally emancipated his injured slave, and, with his youthful wife, united himself to the Methodist Church. Afterwards, with Cuff, whom he engaged as chaplain for his estate, he preached that Jesus whose name he had blasphemed, and whose disciple he had scourged.

It is painful to be obliged, on sober reflection, to record a doubt of this story—although there is good evidence that its main incidents are ever repeating themselves in the struggle between light and darkness which prevails in the Slave States. The "Uncle Tom" type is the favourite ideal of slave heroism; and, what may, perhaps, be called the legend of "Uncle Tom," seems to float in the suffering bosom of negro humanity when raised to the Christian standard. Once it was "three-fingered Jack"—now it is "Uncle Tom;" and the change is for the better. The story of the text gives dramatic unity and arrangement to the glorious ideas of confession and conversion—of the conquest by suffering—of the stony rock smitten, and the waters of penitence gushing forth—all of which makes religion vital, sustain-

ing her mission "to bind up the broken-hearted, and proclaim deliverance to the captive." Were it a tale half a thousand years old, to question its historical truth would be to fight with a shadow. Let us still believe in the boatman of Uri, though his figure flits in that mist of romance which hangs along the morning stream of history. But the matter is different when a case challenges literal credit in this wide-awake nineteenth century, and when the Rev. F. Jobson invites our belief in the Rev. James Finley and Western Methodism. Substitute conversion (in the most drastic and convulsive sense of the word) by the prayers of the living, for miracles wrought at the tombs of the dead, and we have the same spirit of yearning after the marvellous which taints the Church chronicles of five centuries ago, reappearing in the "Penny Weekly Gospels" and "Zion's Trumpets" of to-day. The reader should particularly observe the conversion of the task-master, without which the catastrophe would be incomplete. So "Punch," as aforesaid, converts "the persecuting overseer." This winds up the drama. With a conversion the romance of religion ends, and the reality which tests it begins. But this latter is seldom dwelt on. The persecutor turning preacher, and making his former victim his chaplain, resembles the marriage with which the novel closes. And "they live happy ever afterwards."

By far a more pleasing part of the volume before us is a sketch of the missionary labours of the early Methodists, through whose voices, "crying in the wilderness," came to the prairie and the forest the message of peace between God and man. Many anecdotes of their weary lives spent on their errand, and many records of the fruits of their labours in the conduct of their Indian converts, have a healthy tone of reality, and are exceedingly interesting. Among negroes and Red Indians emotions may be accepted as genuine, which would inspire us with a feeling of distrust if related of the chilly-toned humanity to which we belong. We give a specimen:—

This [a passage in a sermon] was spoken with such an emphasis, with a soul overflowing with the most hallowed and exalted feeling, that it was like the sudden bursting of a cloud surcharged with water, and the congregation was instantly overwhelmed with a shower of Divine grace from the upper world. At first, sudden shrieks, as of persons in distress, were heard in different parts of the house; then shouts of praise, and in every direction sobs and groans, and eyes overflowing with tears, while many were prostrated on the floor, or lay helpless upon the seats. A very large athletic-looking preacher, who was sitting by my side, suddenly fell upon his seat as if pierced by a bullet; and I felt my heart melting under sensations which I could not well resist.

This, to give every one his due, is not Mr. Jobson's own—it is the glowing description of a meeting in Baltimore, given by the Rev. Dr. Bangs. We close the quotation designedly at this point, because what follows, though meant evidently for mere warmth of pious emotion, might seem to some readers, equally pious, but who do not happen to be Methodists, to verge on the profane.

The most pleasing impression which this book leaves on the mind is that of the powerful religious sentiment, the whole force of which seems to operate in drawing more closely the ties which unite this country with her western daughterland. War leaves its scars, and commerce has its rivalries, but the office of religion is to efface the traces of every wound, and to gather out the thorns as they spring up between the kindred nations. Churchmen and sectarian divines exchange yearly salutations on the apostolic model, and are looked on as the ambassadors of the maternal communion, and the honoured guests of the filial one; and such meetings, however marked by occasional extravagance, express a feeling which spreads heart-deep among us and among them, and will effect more of lasting union than cotton and commerce, than telegraph and clipper, than community of race, of language, and of laws.

MEDIEVAL ARMS AND ARMOUR.*

THE archaeology of arms and armour has always had a special interest for a certain class of *cognoscenti*—less for the sake of the varied and beautiful arts of the metallurgist exercised in the manufacture and ornamentation of the implements of war, offensive and defensive, than as a branch of the study of the costumes and social habits of the past. And undoubtedly a knowledge of the successive fashions of body-armour, and of the ordinary weapons of the Middle Ages, is often a most useful subsidiary qualification for historical research. Many an obscure chronicle has been interpreted by means of the light thrown upon it by an acquaintance with obsolete details of military life; and many a date—in illuminations, in old paintings and engravings, and even in architectural friezes or sculptured ornament—has been settled by reference to the style of armour represented by the mediæval artists. The sculptors and painters of old had no dread of anachronisms. Whether their subject was sacred or secular, their personages, as a general rule, wore the dress of the time. St. George or Goliath of Gath, Sir Amadis or the soldiers watching at the Sepulchre, were always clothed in the armour of the knights or men-at-arms of the day. And it is not only the professed antiquary, or the patient "rubber" of those ghastly fac-similes of monumental brasses which were once so fashionable,

* *History of Chivalry and Ancient Armour; with Descriptions of the Feudal System, the Usages of Knighthood, the Tournament, and Trials by Single Combat.* Translated from the German of Dr. F. Kottenkamp, by the Rev. A. Löwy. Illustrated with 62 coloured Engravings of Ancient Armour and Tournaments. London: Willis and Sotherrn. 1857.

that need know something of the chronology of armour. A smattering of this lore will be useful also to those who study the higher art of Perugino, Raffaele, or Dürer. And, to take an example from architecture, had the accomplished French archaeologist, M. Didron, duly considered the armour of the soldier in the Judgment of Solomon of the "Capital of Justice" in the Ducal Palace at Venice, he would not have dated that sculpture at least a century too early. M. Didron has lately edited an interesting *brochure*, by an English architect, Mr. W. Burges, on the iconography of the famous capitals of the Venetian Palace, and has somewhat indiscreetly ventured to dispute the dates assigned to these works, not only by that distinguished iconologist, but by Mr. Ruskin, who has made the Stones of Venice his own speciality, by the labour he has bestowed upon them.

It is not altogether unnecessary to vindicate the study of arms and armour from the charge of puerility; for it must be confessed that the display in the Tower of London, and those awkward tilting figures which were such an eye-sore in the late Manchester Exhibition in the midst of so many exquisite works of art and beauty, and above all, the "men in armour" in Lord Mayor's Show, combine to present a somewhat ridiculous association of ideas. The fact is, it is the dressing-up of lay figures—men and horses, gaunt and stark, in clumsy and ungainly action—that is absurd. It should be left to the imagination to piece a suit of armour together, and to invest with a halo of romance the details of an encounter in the lists. A page of Froissart is glorious reading; but the actual reality of the shock of two burly warriors mounted on unwieldy Flemish cart-horses, men and beasts alike encumbered with heavy plates of metal, must have been very different from the gallant pictures painted for the mind's eye by the romancers of old, or by Scott or Fouqué in modern literature. It is true that the late revival by Mr. Keen of Shakespeare's *Richard II.* presented a series of most brilliant and picturesque *tableaux* of the military and civil costumes of the fourteenth century; but the spectator could never forget that the mailed nobles, who were so active and graceful upon the stage, had merely to bear the very moderate weight of "property" armour. It would be far better, in our judgment, if such fine collections as those in the Tower and in Goodrich Court were displayed without the grotesque agency of lay figures, which irresistibly recall the idea of Madame Tussaud's wax-works. When the mediæval forms of chivalry had been superseded in the progress of society, Cervantes laughed down the lingering remains of the exploded system; and those who remember Mambriño's helmet need not have any new associations of absurdity presented to their minds in the examination of the remains—really instructive and valuable in their way—of an important branch of the arts and social habits of a past age.

These remarks have been suggested by a curious republication, in England, of a laborious German work on ancient armour. It has always been a matter of surprise how the expensive illustrated books that so frequently issue from the press in France and Germany can find a remunerative sale. Dr. Kottenkamp's Essay is a case in point. Sixty-two large illustrations, elaborately coloured by hand, would presuppose, at English prices, a large public sufficiently interested in the study of ancient armour to purchase a costly volume on this special subject. Such a work in this country would certainly not find a publisher, especially considering the needless repetition of many of the plates. In the case before us, the German lithographs are used over again for the English edition; and it is possible, though not very probable, that this saving of prime cost in the illustrations may make the present translation a successful speculation. But the volume, which is of an oblong shape in order to suit the plates, which form by far the thickest part of the work, is not very attractive to an English eye, in spite of its careful "getting up." And the letterpress, arranged in double columns on each page, is far from convenient to a reader. Besides which, the subject has been, on the whole, better treated by previous English authors. Without doing more than naming the works of Meyrick, Bloxam, Boutell, and other writers on costume or monumental antiquities, we may refer more particularly to a very beautiful volume published a year or two ago on *Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe*, by Mr. John Hewitt, a member of the Archaeological Institute. This treatise is far more exhaustive than that of Dr. Kottenkamp, though it only professes to reach as low as the end of the thirteenth century. It deals with the arms and armour of all the European nations, while Dr. Kottenkamp's scarcely goes beyond his native Germany. And Mr. Hewitt's illustrations are drawn from a hundred sources besides the actual weapons—seals, illuminations, monumental effigies, tapestries, frescoes, sculptures, chessmen, painted glass, and brasses; while the German plates in the volume before us are almost exclusively taken from the Dresden Cabinet of Engravings, the *Turnierbuch*, and the *Fechtbuch* of Hector Mairs, of Augsburg. As in heraldry, so in armoury, there is much difference between our own insular and the various Continental systems; and many of Dr. Kottenkamp's selected illustrations of jousts, or suits, or weapons, are of comparatively little interest to the student of the English variety of this branch of antiquities. Still, this gaily-coloured volume will be a welcome addition to an archaeological library, as a book of useful reference; and the introductory essays, which seem very efficiently translated by Mr. Löwy, have a value of their own, though inferior perhaps to that of the numerous coloured illustrations by which they are accompanied.

The first essay is a sketch of the feudal system, followed by one on the establishment of chivalry—both of these being introductory to a detailed description of the several varieties of mediæval armour. Finally, we have some account of the laws and customs of tournaments and of trials by single combat. There is nothing very profound in any of these disquisitions. We find nothing new or striking in the historical, legal, or philosophical treatment of the subject; and the sentiment connected with the institution of chivalry is tamely reproduced, if compared with the lofty and impassioned utterances of Mr. Kenelm Digby, in his *Broadstone of Honour*. But the dissertations may, nevertheless, be read with profit, though perhaps it was scarcely necessary to preface a technical description of arms and armour by an investigation into the origin of feudalism and chivalry. We have no information about the precise nationality of the author. He seems to be one who remembers with bitter regret the rational liberty enjoyed by his Teutonic ancestors before the feudal tyranny became riveted on the bulk of the population; and he traces with manifest satisfaction the political circumstances to which England owed its early enfranchisement and its present greatness. But into these questions we will not enter. Dr. Kottenkamp seems to think that chivalry was at once the result of feudalism and its antidote. Political causes gave preponderance in the State to the heavy-armed horsemen; and the religious fervour of the time, favoured by the rising literature of the Troubadours, and acting on the inherent reverence for woman always found in the Teutonic character, tempered the fierceness of the dominant aristocracy by the gracious ideal of knightly or chivalric virtue. Dr. Kottenkamp gives interesting details of the physical training and moral accomplishments of a perfect knight—his muscular exercises, abstinence, and endurance, cleanliness of person, and self-respect; his truthfulness, honour, generosity, refinement, and courtesy. The ideal of chivalrous perfection, indeed, has never been exceeded; and Sir Philip Sidney, or Bayard, are still the models by which Tom Brown of Rugby is, though perhaps unconsciously, educating himself to be an English "gentleman."

But it is time to give some account of Dr. Kottenkamp's plates. They begin with bows and arrows, cross-bows, bolts, of every kind of vicious ingenuity, baliste and catapults, battering rams and towers for assaulting walled fortresses. Then follow the halberds and partizans, spears and lances, spiked balls of iron hung by chains to the end of stout staves, and flails of knotted iron studded with sharp points. Then there are grim Teutonic jests—the *Godendae* (or Good-day) of the Flemings, a kind of club with which the burghers of Flanders welcomed their enemies; and the morning-star, *Morgen-stern*, still carried by Scandinavian watchmen. Every conceivable device for cutting, hacking, piercing, tearing, sawing, jaggng—upwards, downwards, backwards, and on all sides—will be found in the halberd-heads in a long series of terrible plates. It is a positive relief to turn from these diabolical implements of torture as well as slaughter to the honest swords, whether pointed, blunt-headed, curved, or two-handled, or to the hammers and clubs, battle-axes and maces. Thence we advance to matchlocks, and then to defensive armour. Casques and plumes, morions and visors, gorgets, breastplates, greaves, sollerets, vamplates, gauntlets, and every other article of the unpeaceful wardrobe of our ancestors, follow in succession. And finally, there are some thirty large plates of jousts and tilts. Here are horses covered with emblazoned trappings down to their feet, in every imaginable variety of bad taste, and men, almost equally disguised, in every attitude of the encounter, as victors or as vanquished. Last of all, there are some plates of foot combats, with swords and clubs, daggers and sharp-spiked shields. Those who have a taste for horrors, as well as those who wish to know something about German arms and armour, may profitably consult Mr. Löwy's translation of Dr. Kottenkamp's work.

MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY ON FIELD SPORTS IN FRANCE.*

"EVERY style is good," once upon a time said Sydney Smith, "except the tiresome;" and Mr. Grantley Berkeley is never tiresome. Very lively, very good-natured, very pugnacious, very sentimental, very fond of field-sports, thoroughly up in all matters relating to horses and dogs, with a frame of iron, and a noble appetite, with a good deal of shrewd sense in the details of life, sometimes clouded by a very hasty temper, Mr. Grantley Berkeley wields a fluent and pleasant pen. In this little volume he has chronicled the events of a month's excursion to the forests of France. Early in the autumn of last year, he left Beacon Lodge, having for companions seven dogs of the rarest breed. After four or five weeks spent amid mingled feelings of delight in the number and grandeur of the French animals of chase, and of fury at the execrable badness of French hounds and the obstinate stupidity of French huntsmen, he returned bearing a trophy of wild-boar skulls and wolf-skins—his homeward journey deriving a little excitement from a thrashing he administered to a cabman at Havre, which seems to have been not undeserved. The story of his journey and his stay in the French forests forms a most agreeable volume—a volume very readable even for people who do not care much for field-sports, and, no doubt, intensely interesting to sporting men. Mr. Grantley Berkeley's enthu-

* *A Month in the Forests of France*. By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. London: Longmans. 1857.

asian for hunting of all kinds inspires his readers with a kindred feeling; and there is something amusing in the tremendous sentimentality of one who is no puling, weakly, nervous lad, but a man in the highest physical condition, and who, though capable of enduring great privations, enjoys his dinner as sensible mortals should. Rarely have we read anything more fervent than the anatory tone of the mottoes prefixed to the several chapters, which have evidently come from his own pen, but which, unlike Sir Walter Scott, who modestly appended *Old Play* to the mottoes which he himself wrote, our author boldly ascribes to Berkeley. Then Mr. Grantley Berkeley, after feeding the hounds in the evening, and arranging his hunting equipment for the following day, "opened his casement on the still, balmy, star-lit night, and imagined that the sweet, warm air that sighed up to me through the flowers was the breath of lips then hushed in far-off, and, perhaps, in deep repose."

Mr. Berkeley much enjoyed the kindness and hospitality of the friends with whom he was staying, who seem to have done all they could to gratify their guest's taste for sport of all kinds. But their entire sporting system, though on a considerable scale, was most irritating to an Englishman. The servants were ignorant and disobedient, and the hounds were "old false cripples," who kept up a stupid roaring at wrong times and places. Eagerly did Mr. Berkeley wish for an opportunity of quietly shooting some of them; but he was so constrained by circumstances, that he could only "shake his fist at them, and wish them at the devil." He was a new Tantalus. In the midst of abundance of noble game—boars, wolves, and deer—he was constantly taken, in expectation of great sport, to spots where not an animal could be found; while, at other times, he assisted for many hours in the chase of magnificent wild boars, which ultimately made their escape through the badness of the dogs and the inefficiency of the huntsmen. We are not sure how far Mr. Berkeley's French friends may like to have their system so unceremoniously pulled to pieces. In no part of the world is a stranger popular who comes declaring that everything he sees is wrong, and that he wants to set everything right. Yet such is Mr. Berkeley's aim. He says:—

In MS. now in my possession, I have perfected a complete definition of the course which the French sportsmen should pursue in getting together servants, hunters, and hounds, with every needful instruction regarding the chase of the wolf, bear, stag, deer, fox, and otter. It is my intention to submit the work thus alluded to, to the acceptance of the trade in Paris; for, with their country and their beasts of chase, I am indeed sorry to see my kind and hospitable friends, as well as the generality of gentlemen and sportsmen in France, so lamentably deficient in everything relating to the kennel.

On a beautiful afternoon in the early part of September, 1856, Mr. Grantley Berkeley started by railway for Southampton, wondering much that by the Havre route he could, for twenty-seven shillings, travel first-class from Beacon Lodge to Paris in not much more than twenty-four hours. He was in the best possible spirits, and was fully prepared for sport:—

How happily I had passed my time preparing for this journey! The two great double guns of the 11 gauge were thoroughly inspected and packed carefully in their cases. My old favourite single rifle had been petted up by Lang, in Cockspur-street, till it looked quite fresh; and every crevice of each case was stuffed with wadding, balls, and heavy cartridge. In addition to these, my straight hunting-horns, by Shyrly, of Regent-street, my spurs, my belt, my boots, my hunting-knife, and everything that a sportsman or a gentleman could desire, were gathered together and nicely stowed away; and when all was cared for, even to my fishing-tackle, with a shake to the travelling-dress in which I stood, I said to myself, with all the gusto of a boy on the eve of his first 1st of September, "Now for my friend D'Anchald, his old chateau of the wilderness (Chateau Sauvages), his wolves, his boars, his roe-deer, his foxes, wild-cats, martin-cats, and otters; here goes to fraternize with them all!"

Monsieur le Vicomte d'Anchald had heard, far away in France, of the doings of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's bloodhound Druid in hunting down wild deer; and he came over to England to make the acquaintance of that remarkable animal and his master. He spent some time at Beacon Lodge, joined heartily and successfully in all Mr. Berkeley's sports by land and sea, got some bloodhounds and foxhounds from good kennels, and received Mr. Berkeley's promise to visit a Crown forest, two hundred miles south of Paris, of which he was *louveter*, or wolf-hunter. In the cheerful humour above depicted, Mr. Berkeley was now setting off upon his return visit. He had with him two little white terriers, a fine bloodhound, and four bloodhound whelps; but he was accompanied by no servant of any sort, and was resolved to be amused rather than bothered by any difficulties arising from his imperfect knowledge of the French language. "Economy and good-humour" was to be his motto. Arrived at Southampton, Mr. Berkeley found himself cumbered with help. His eleven packages were seized by as many assiduous friends, to whom, on many former occasions, he tells us he had dispensed shillings and sixpences, kicks and cuffs—all given and received with perfect good-humour on both sides. He found himself and his dogs the centre of a large procession, in the midst of which he reached the steamer which was to convey him to France. Here he sent his attendants away rejoicing, and inducted his dogs into a comfortable horse-box which had been prepared for their reception.

Next morning the steamer was off the coast of France. On entering its saloon, Mr. Berkeley perceived two or three ladies and one or two gentlemen seated at breakfast. Just as he entered he beheld, with speechless wonder, a "gent" arise from his berth, pull off his coat and waistcoat, place a basin on the

table at which the party were seated, and proceed to perform his ablutions:—

I confess [says the author] I was fascinated, and for a time a fixture to the cabin floor, although within me burned an extraordinary desire to become the champion of woman.

"Well," I whispered to myself, "now for it!" One of those gentlemen at table with the ladies will assuredly poise yonder lump of butter on the end of a fork, and, sling-like, lodge it in the gent's eye. But no: nothing of the kind took place. So thinking that were I to thrust myself forward in protection of ladies, whose lawful protectors were perhaps seated by their sides, and a "row" were the consequence, the press of the United Kingdom would bend innumerable columns with "Mr. Grantley Berkeley again!" with an immense effort I shook off the horrible fascination, stared idiotically on the inactive gentlemen and the recumbent butter, and again trod the lively deck and breathed the sea-borne breeze.

As Mr. Berkeley rolled along in the railway carriage towards Paris, he surveyed the country with a sportsman's eye. "There's a wood for a woodcock or a fox!"—"There's a rippling shallow and a likely hole for a good fish!"—were his frequent ejaculations. Passing through Paris, he proceeded by the Orleans Railway. Here he made the acquaintance of some men with whom he was unable to communicate in words:—

Somehow or other we got into an indistinct exchange of ideas, the sight of Malwood having induced some sporting conclusions; when one of the gentlemen, to show me that he knew what Malwood was for, failing to make himself verbally intelligible, got down on his hands and knees, stooped his head as if to a scent, and then flung it up and bellowed, to the infinite mirth of the lady as well as of myself and the other gentleman. He then resorted to my pocket-book, and drew the animals of the chase, and one way or other we got on very well.

At length, at a little roadside station, Mr. Grantley Berkeley met his friend M. d'Anchald, and drove away in a carriage drawn by two noble white mares, through the Forest to the Chateau. Our author strained his eyes through the night into the depths of shade around him, wondering if a boar or a wolf were near. Arrived, he found serving as the rug of the dining-room fire-place, the skin of a huge old wolf, concerning which his host related a thrilling legend. Weary, he retired to his chamber, adorned with woodland spoils, and in the morning looked with delight upon a new scene:—

With a swing I leapt from my bed, and entering the recess of the window caused by the thickness of the walls, I threw the casement open, and inhaled as sweet a sigh, from as sunny a morn, as ever a sportsman revelled in. Beneath my window was a terrace, whence arose to my delighted senses the aroma of nignonette and other flowers, while below its wall were splendid meadows, as green and rich as those beneath the battlements of Berkeley Castle, filled with white cattle. Beyond the meadows the undulating ground rose in some arable land, abutting the edge of the luxuriant wild, or copse-wood forest. Oh! what a balmy, easily breathed, and invigorating air! How soft the sky, and how green the fields and wood!

So far, Mr. Berkeley had been delighted with all he saw; but now came the less agreeable part of the picture. After breakfast, accompanied by his host and his two sons, he proceeded to inspect the kennel of hounds. And wretched animals they were. There were about seventeen dogs, in every possible stage of disease and incapacity—not above two or three were fit to be taken out. All were eaten up with the mange—all but one or two were absolute skeletons. Our author selected four or five of the least bad-looking, and took them out to try for otter, but found them as vile to hunt with as to look at, and was soon thankful to entreat his friends to send back to the kennel some of those which they regarded as their most useful dogs. The hounds were all fed on barley-meal—a most heating and unhealthy diet; and with this they were regularly stuffed as late as possible the day before hunting, and then in the morning before going out to hunt! The natural result of this system is, that the hounds soon knock up, and lie down to sleep, when the wolf, if it be a wolf they are chasing, having had just sufficient exercise to give him an appetite, returns to the line, and dines upon any single hound he may fall in with. Then it appears that when the abominable mess on which the hounds fare has been provided, all of them are allowed to rush upon it at once. The consequence is that the delicate feeders get nothing to eat, while two or three dogs of voracious appetite engross the whole, and amid a handful of shivering skeletons appear in prize-pig condition. It is a rule in the French forests that a separate air is appointed to be played on the huge French horn for each animal of chase; and hence a French master of hounds has to seek his huntsman rather at the opera than in the kennel.

A day or two after Mr. Berkeley's arrival, arrangements were made for a grand wolf-hunt. A large party assembled at the place appointed. Mr. Berkeley thus describes his first sight of the hounds:—

Hearing there were to be two packs of hounds united for the attack on wolves, and at first with the idea of huntsmen and whippers-in in my head, I expected to see at least four mounted men and forty couples of hounds. My brother sportsmen in England will guess my surprise when I saw but two horses tied to the bushes, and two men seated on the banks, smoking short pipes; and, hung up fast by the headlike rizzened haddocks or bunches of carrots, and all strung together on one string, nose to nose, and with dejected sterna, two little lots of hounds, perhaps five couples in one lot, and six or seven couples in the other, tied to two trees. Having walked up to these creatures and inspected their condition, I found some immensely old, and so thin, that edgeways you could hardly see them; and some so fat, that they were less fitted for wind and speed than a lady's plethoric lap-dog. Throughout the two lots, the same bad feet and legs existed as in the instance of the French hounds in the kennel at the chateau.

With these likely animals the woods were drawn, and by good luck a boar was found, chased, and shot. Mr. Berkeley was wrathful at the clumsy and untidy fashion in which the carcass was dressed. But every point about French hunting appears to be equally bad.

We cannot attempt to follow the rapid succession of boar-chases, wolf-hunts, otter-hunts, and fishing expeditions which filled up the month at Chateau Sauvages. Most of them proved fruitless, from the wretched condition of the hounds, and the utter want of tact with which they were handled. Mr. Berkeley did all he could to introduce a better system; and what with physicking and bleeding hounds, preparing food for them, and trying to impress English notions as to field-sports upon his French friends, his time was pretty fully occupied. We can only hope that his efforts were duly appreciated by those for whose benefit they were more immediately intended.

MADAME ROSE.*

MADAME ROSE is one of the many good things for which we have to thank the *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*. It is a very pretty story—just such a one as would naturally owe its origin to an ingenious French brain. The scene is laid in the pleasant village of Maisons, not far from Paris, and close to the banks of the Seine. Surrounded by a garden, stands a villa called "La Maison-Blanche," which, with half an acre of land, belongs to M. Georges de Francalin, who inhabits it with two old servants and Tambour—"un chien de chasse de la race des épagneuls à robe blanche et feu; tout le monde à Maisons connaissait Tambour." Why M. de Francalin chose to live constantly at "La Maison-Blanche" no one could discover; but the fact that he persisted in remaining in exile from Paris, was in itself sufficient to establish his eccentricity. He chose to bury himself in the country with his books, his gun, his rod, and his boat; and he was as determined to scare away the wild-fowl on the Seine, as was his companion, Tambour, to wage daily war with a certain black bull. One day, Georges and his dog save two little children from drowning, by plunging into the river after them. One is brought to land apparently lifeless. With the assistance of Canada, an old fisherman, M. de Francalin takes them to their mother, who comes to meet them with a number of women and children. The mother brings the little boy to life by a good beating—the little girl protects herself behind Georges, who promises to give her some new clothes. "Il tira un louis de la poche de son gilet; mais en le donnant il devint tout pâle, et s'appuya contre un tronc d'arbre. 'Diable! est-ce que vous auriez quelque idée de vous trouver mal?' dit Canada. 'J'ai froid,' répondit Georges. En ce moment, une femme qu'on n'avait pas encore vue s'approcha du groupe. Elle était couverte d'une robe fort simple toute noire et d'une pelisse de drap. 'Ah! voici Madame Rose! s'écria la petite fille, qui, sans prendre garde à l'eau dont elle était inondée, courut vers la dame en robe noire, et se jeta dans ses jambes. Il n'est pas arrivé malheur à son frère?' demanda Madame Rose à La Thibaude. 'Oh! non, madame; le voilà, et voici monsieur qui l'a tiré de l'eau.' Madame Rose regarda M. de Francalin, Georges voulut saluer, mais il chancela; un nuage passa devant ses yeux, et il tomba au pied de l'arbre." When Georges recovers, he finds himself comfortably installed in an arm-chair by a good fire, with Canada using efforts to restore animation. He has been carried to the house of Madame Rose. "Ah ça! mais je ne puis pas rester dans ce costume chez Madame Rose—une couverture et rien dessous! Ne vous mettez pas en peine!" replies Canada. "On n'est pas riche, mais on a deux habits complets. Voilà des souliers ou vous serez comme dans un bateau, et une vareuse qui vous tiendra chaud sans vous étouffer; mettez-moi ça." In this costume Georges is ready to admit Madame Rose, who comes in to see how he is getting on and to offer breakfast, which he accepts. The lady is, we are told, not pretty, but charming. "It was impossible to wish that her nose were more delicate, or her mouth smaller; it seemed that each of her features was precisely what it ought to be, and made expressly for her"—"quand on l'avait quittée, on ne pensait pas qu'elle pût être mieux ou autrement qu'on ne l'avait vue." To complete the portrait, "Quand elle parlait, elle vous regardait bien franchement dans les yeux; un joli sourire égayait le coin de sa bouche, qui semblait faite pour la vérité; elle était naturellement joyeuse et vive, et cependant un voile de mélancolie était répandu sur son front, et son regard avait parfois quelque chose de triste et de plaintif comme celui d'une colombe blessée. C'était moins une lueur qu'un éclair fugitif; mais il n'en fallait pas davantage pour comprendre que Madame Rose avait souffert." She is the Lady Bountiful of the village, and visits La Thibaude, whose little girl has a fever from the effects of her bath in the Seine. Madame Rose tells Georges of her illness, and what had been done for the poor family, adding, "c'est dix francs que vous me devez. Je n'ai pas le droit de guérir toute seule les enfants qui vous doivent la vie. Cette manière délicate de le faire entrer pour moitié dans sa charité toucha M. de Francalin." This establishes their friendship on a very natural, but dangerous footing. From his fishing companion Canada, Georges tries to discover who Madame Rose is. She came to Herblay, "au temps qu'on se fusillait dans les rues de Paris," accompanied by a servant, and they have lived alone for more than a year. Canada thought she was perhaps afraid of the disturbances, and added, "Bien sûr, me disais-je, son mari va venir, et ils attendront que tout ça finisse. Le mari n'est pas venu.—Ah! fit Georges.—Oh! il n'y a pas de ah! répliqua le pêcheur en secouant la tête. Madame Rose est une femme du bon Dieu, et il n'y a rien à dire sur elle."

* Madame Rose. Par Amédée Achard. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1857.

The most malicious tongues could find no flaw in Madame Rose. Her only visitor was a gentleman, who appeared to be a relation, who came for a few hours, and left, after taking a row on the river, in the evening. Even he had only come on two or three occasions. Somehow, to Georges, this "Monsieur de la ville" spoils Madame Rose. Canada has observed that when the postman brings her letters, "elle souriait de moins bon cœur ces jours-là." There is an irresistible simplicity and good nature about her, and something piquant in the situation. Alfred de Musset has said—"Devenir amoureux n'est pas le difficile c'est de savoir dire qu'on l'est." This is precisely the case with M. de Francalin, when his solitude is disturbed by a friend, Valentin, who comes to stay with him, and be consoled for the faithlessness of his mistress. Georges finds his old friend a bore. Valentin recovers, and laughs at him about his mysterious love, which he has kept a profound secret. To the indignation of Georges, Valentin recapitulates the doubts which have presented themselves a thousand times in his own mind, when absent from Madame Rose, but which have always vanished in her presence. "La bonne réputation de Madame Rose ne témoignait qu'en faveur de son adresse; cette charité inépuisable qu'elle montrait prouvait qu'elle avait la main prodigue. Ce mystère dont elle s'entourait n'indiquait-il pas suffisamment qu'elle avait une vie antérieure à cacher?" M. de Francalin is very unhappy; "he has not much faith in virtue concealed like violets in the woods;" he is very jealous because he cannot forget the strange "monsieur qui paraît de la ville," and very foolish, because he is in love. He receives a letter one morning from an aunt, begging him to come to Beauvais, where she has found a young lady of noble family whom she wishes him to marry, "et faisait entendre qu'une bonne moitié de sa fortune récompenserait la soumission de son bon neveu." He rejects the idea as simply preposterous. He calls at Herblay, and finds that a letter has obliged Madame Rose to go to Paris. He gets into a great rage, feels he has been the dupe and plaything of a coquette, and vows that Paris shall cure him of his folly. At this critical moment he meets Madame Rose, who invites him to walk with her by the river side:—

Mme Rose paraissait absorbée par une pensée intérieure.
"Ne pourriez-vous pas me dire ce qui vous préoccupe?" demanda Georges timidement. Si vous avez un chagrin, ne puis-je en prendre la moitié?"

Mme Rose secoua la tête.
"Non, dit-elle, c'est une lettre qui a causé cette tristesse, cette agitation où vous me voyez, et, si je ne l'avais pas reçue, peut-être serais-je plus triste et plus agitée encore."

Un sentiment de jalousie se glissa dans le cœur de Georges.
"Celui qui a écrit cette lettre a donc une bien large part d'influence dans votre vie?" dit-il avec amertume.

— Laissons cela," répondit Mme Rose.
Elle tourna la tête du côté de la brise qui soufflait, et l'aspira avec délices.
"Ah! qu'il fait bon ici!" reprit-elle, et que vous êtes heureux de pouvoir y demeurer toujours!"

Cet impénétrable mystère dont Mme Rose s'enveloppait, cette volonté qu'elle montrait de ne pas permettre qu'on en soulevât un seul côté, irritèrent M. de Francalin.

"Oh! toujours, c'est incertain, reprit-il d'un ton léger. Moi aussi, j'ai reçu une lettre d'une tante que j'ai dans le département de l'Oise, à Beauvais; elle veut me marier avec une riche héritière qui fait l'ornement de ce chef-lieu."

— Ah! fit Mme Rose.

He then enlarges on the subject in an ironical strain, which is assumed to disguise his anger:—

"Et qu'avez-vous répondu?" demanda Mme. Rose.
— Moi! j'ai refusé.

— Pourquoi?"
Ce mot, dit simplement, fit tomber la verve fluide de M. de Francalin, comme le plus léger choc abat un château de cartes.

"Mais, dit-il embarrassé, j'ai refusé parce que..."
Il ne put aller plus loin, et s'arrêta court.

"Parce que vous m'aimez!" poursuivit Mme Rose.
Georges tressaillit à ce mot.

— Est-ce bien cela, et me démentirez-vous? reprit-elle avec émotion.
— Non," répondit Georges, qui ne ricanaît plus.

Mme Rose s'appuya doucement sur son bras: "Écoutez-moi, reprit-elle, et au risque de vous faire de la peine, laissez-moi tout vous dire. Ce mariage qu'on vous propose, il ne faut pas le refuser. Pourquoi me sacrifier votre avenir et m'offrir un dévouement que je ne puis pas récompenser?"

Georges vit bien, à l'air de Mme Rose, que l'entretien était sérieux. Il n'y avait en elle ni colère ni dépit, bien moins encore de coquetterie. Il en fut tout bouleversé.

"Mais, dit-il, que vous importe que je me marie? Pourquoi m'y contraindre? Je ne vous dédaigne rien, et suis heureux comme cela."

— Croyez-vous que je ne souffre pas du chagrin que je vous fais? Mais tout m'y force, reprit-elle. Bien plus même, quelles que soient vos résolutions à l'égard de ce mariage, il faudra que vous quittiez la Maison-Blanche. Vous tressaillez, mon ami? Si vous ne partez pas, c'est moi qui partirais. Vous m'estimez assez pour que je vous parle franchement. Cette solitude où nous vivons est dangereuse pour tous deux. Croyez-vous donc que je n'aie pas tout compris depuis longtemps? Le jour où vous m'avez engagée à déjeuner, je savais à bien que vous m'aimiez, que je suis allée seule à la Maison-Blanche, sans vouloir que Gertrude m'accompagnât. Qu'avais-je à attendre auprès de vous?

Ce mot, qui mettait Mme Rose à des hauteurs où le désir ne pouvait atteindre, toucha M. de Francalin. Il prit la main de sa compagne et la porta à ses lèvres, avec un mouvement où la tendresse se mêlait au respect.

"Peut-être alors aurais-je dû m'éloigner, car vous priez de ne plus me voir, ajouta Mme Rose; je n'en ai pas eu le courage: là est mon tort, il rend l'épreuve plus difficile."

— Mais enfin ne puis-je rester près de vous? dit Georges. Je vous verrai aussi souvent que vous le voudrez.

— Non," reprit Mme Rose avec une force persuasive. Si je vous ai bien jugé, je puis vous avouer sans rougir que je ne suis pas d'un caractère à braver un danger de tous les jours, isolée, surtout comme je le suis. Les conditions de ma vie ne sauraient changer: elles sont telles que je ne dois plus vous voir. Le hasard nous a fait nous rencontrer aux abords d'un village; une même jeunesse, un même isolement nous rapprochaient; j'ai rempli votre vie plus peut-être qu'il n'aurait fallu. Séparons-nous, afin qu'un jour, si Dieu le permet, nous puissions nous retrouver sans trouble. Le voulez-vous, et m'aimez-vous assez pour me faire ce sacrifice?"

— Croyez-vous donc que je vous oublie, étant loin de vous ?
 — Je ne sais si je le désire, mais je l'espère. Il y aurait déloyauté à moi d'accepter toute une vie en échange des quelques heures que je puis vous donner, quand demain peut-être la dernière de ces heures aura sonné. Partez donc, allez à Beauvais, voyez cette jeune fille qu'on vous destine; peut-être lui trouverez-vous des qualités que vous ne lui supposez pas, et un moment de sagesse vous décidera à en faire la compagnie de votre vie.
 — C'est vous qui me le conseillez ?
 — Je fais plus, je vous le demande. Je ne veux pas qu'un jour vous me demandiez compte de votre jeunesse perdue. Vous savez si je vous ai tendu la main le jour où pour la première fois vous m'êtes apparu pâle et défaillant. Si j'étais libre, je vous dirais: "Gardez-la, c'est la main d'une honnête femme," mais je ne m'appartiens plus, partez."
 L'accent de cette voix tout à la fois ferme et tremblante pénétra la cœur de M. de Francalin. Il leva sur Mme Rose des yeux remplis de larmes: "Que votre volonté soit faite!" dit-il.

That same evening M. Georges goes to Paris, on his way to Beauvais. It is of no use—Mlle. de Valpierre cannot obliterate the memory of Madame Rose; and so, after a time, he returns to Paris. There he hears that Madame Rose has been seen leaning on the arm of a tall young man, with black moustaches. He immediately determines to go to Herblay, and find out the truth. He enters the room where Madame Rose had first received him—he finds a young man, with black moustaches, reading in an arm-chair near the window. Tambour is there. The young man rises—"A la pantomime de ce chien je vois bien que vous êtes son maître; veuillez vous asseoir, monsieur, je vous prie, dit-il avec la plus grande politesse." Georges remains speechless. Madame Rose enters. "M. Georges de Francalin, dont je vous ai parlé quelquefois dit elle en se tournant vers le jeune homme aux moustaches noires. Et désignant celui-ci, Georges: M. le Comte Olivier de Réthel, mon mari, ajouta-t-elle."

Georges neither drowns nor shoots himself. No; the presence of M. de Réthel is a relief. He could not have endured a lover—a husband is another affair. To borrow M. Achard's explanation—"Chez certaines âmes délicatement douées ou élevées à un niveau supérieur par de grandes passions, la connaissance d'un malheur irréparable cause moins de souffrances que la perte d'une de ces croyances dont les racines sont au cœur." Georges takes up his residence at "La Maison-Blanche," and M. Achard has contrived to give an air of probability to a position which is neither ridiculous nor scandalous. Perhaps it is as easy to be virtuous as religious, on paper—as it is, when the mystery is cleared up, the real interest in the story commences. Madame de Réthel loves her husband. To tell more would destroy all inclination to read this original and clever book, worthy of M. Achard's former productions.

THE CELTIC NAMES IN CÆSAR.*

THIS is the first sign of life shown by the new school of Celtic philology—the school of Zeuss. Four years have passed away since that great philologist achieved, single-handed, the reformation of Celtic studies by his astonishing *Grammatica Celtica*. They have passed away in silence. There has been no one competent to review that master-work—no one to impugn it if it were wrong—no one to raise one inch higher the structure of which he laid the foundation. To think that this state of things could endure much longer, would be to despair of the cause of learning. We are far from taking so desponding a view. If the best men, and those who are most called upon, have done nothing yet to develop further the principles of the *Grammatica Celtica*, we trust—and in more than one instance we know—it is because even the best have not yet done studying it.

Zeuss's case is a rare one. He solves the great Celtic problem, which for centuries has baffled the scholars of England, France, and Germany—he gives us a sudden and complete light, where we had made up our minds to sit for ever in darkness—he creates a critical method where dreams and licence had become a chronic disease—and when he has achieved all this, there is hardly a voice to say, "Well done!" Dozens of men have heretofore made names for themselves in the same field by mere bungling and pretence; but the man of paramount merit and genius dies without so much as a word of praise having reached his ear. These are sad thoughts, and they seem to have been present to the mind of Herr Glück when he penned the preface and some other passages of his book. There is not a little of the *sæva indignatio* in this honest work. Herr Glück uses very strong language against one or two of those incurables who go on writing on Celtic matters as if Zeuss had never taught anything. But let there be an end to this folly. Let no man henceforward be listened to on Welsh grammar, or Irish grammar, or any subject of Celtic philology, who does not first give evidence that he has understood and mastered those fundamental principles which Zeuss has at last taught us. And if men like Mone—who, as a German scholar, ought to have known better—will still indulge in books after the fashion of General Vallancey and Davies of the *Celtic Researches*, let them not complain when their performances are not spoken of very leniently by scholars.

That Herr Glück himself has studied Zeuss is apparent in every line. We mean not to disparage his merit when we say that the better half of his work was done before him by his master. So it will always be where a leading mind strikes out a new road. At any rate, Herr Glück cannot be denied the merit of having been the first to follow. The title of his book is a

proof of his modesty. The work comprises much more than the names in Cæsar; it is, in fact, a critical and etymological examination of nearly the whole body of antique Celtic names, which fortunately are numerous enough. What with our present means can be done on this subject, Herr Glück has done conscientiously, and the result is not unimportant. It will become still more important when the necessary materials for study—the collections of inscriptions, and the Welsh and Irish dictionaries—shall be in that condition in which they ought to be. But, without speedy exertions on the part of native Celtic scholars to furnish these, especially the latter, the progress of the new knowledge must be slow, even after such extraordinary efforts as those of Zeuss. We hope they do not mean to leave all to be done by the Germans. If societies and academies in Ireland, not to speak of patriotism, think it unnecessary to erect the monument of at least a tolerable dictionary to the ancient idiom of the country, which is actually dying away unrecorded—if Welsh Eisteddfods will for ever go on playing at Bards and Druids to the tune of Owen Pughe's uncritical Welsh lexicon—then, indeed, will it be of no avail that Zeuss created a method of Celtic comparative philology, for there will be no reliable material upon which to bring that method to bear. Celtic philology must rise—we require it for linguistic science, and for the history of our European race. If this want is not yet felt here, it is felt in Germany, as is proved by the fact, among others, that at Berlin a promising journal has been started for the critical comparison of Celtic and the cognate languages.

Since we know that the Celts came neither from Egypt nor Phœnicia, but are our *fratres germani*—of the same blood as the Slavonians, Germans, Greeks, and all the rest of us of Aryan descent—we can no longer afford to remain in ignorance about them. Their words are our words, their first experience and acquirements of life were the same as ours, and we must know them in order to know ourselves. The chief difficulty here was, and is, that the antique language and lore of Gaul and Britain are so totally lost. As we have no monument of ancient Celtic literature—nothing like a Celtic Veda, or Homer, or even Ulphila, proper names acquire a much higher importance here than in the sister languages. In point of fact, the Gaulish and British names are to us the Gaulish and British languages. Herr Glück, therefore, judged quite correctly when he considered them in the first place worthy of a special examination. We do not think that it was his chief aim to contribute to the critical restoration of the texts of Cæsar and some other classics. In this respect certainly, all classical scholars will feel obliged to him; for it will be agreeable henceforth to read our Cæsar, Tacitus, or Pliny, without meeting those utterly ill-spelt names which were real eyesores, and it will be interesting to be informed how the same names there recorded of Celtic men and places are to this day found reproduced among the Welsh and Irish, illustrating their kindred descent. But of far greater importance are the lessons in Irish and Welsh and common Indo-European etymology, which, owing to Zeuss's discoveries of the phonetic analogies of Celtic, we are enabled to draw from these names. Already Zeuss, and now again Herr Glück, by strictly applying the laws of phonetic changes, have succeeded in discovering in them, and interpreting, a large number of old Celtic nouns and roots. Their form, being so much fuller and nearer to the common prototype, at length supplies that link between the still older forms of the common Japetic stock and the worn-down ones of the two modern idioms, the want of which has caused such unparalleled confusion in the various attempts to solve the Celtic ethnological problem.

The number of names of Celtic deities, gathered chiefly from the inscriptions, is surprising. They are now sure to attract fresh attention. Comparative mythology, although as yet in its infancy, has already become important as regards the five non-Celtic families, in consequence of the brilliant researches of Grimm, Burnouf, R. Roth, Max Müller, and others. To include the Celtic pantheon within the circle could not, before the time of Zeuss, have been safely attempted. Jacob Grimm alone had occasionally given us an important hint as regards this subject. But it will now be feasible, by careful analysis, to show whether or not, among the two hundred or more names of Celtic gods and goddesses, there be any actually identical with those of the cognate nations. The similarity of form is often great—as between *Segomon* (the Mars Victor, Germ. Sieg, Sanskrit root *sah*) and the Norse Sigmundr; between Apollo *Belenus* and Balder, Slavonic Bjelbog; between *Sirona*, whom, in four out of the six marbles dedicated to her, we find associated with Apollo, or Apollo Grannus (cf. the Irish griann, the sun), and *Σελήνη*. But all these coincidences may turn out to be purely deceptive, and we cannot attach the least weight to them till they have been thoroughly analyzed by a linguist of Zeuss's school.

Similar observations apply to that world of mediæval Irish and Welsh traditions out of which hitherto scarcely anything has been wrought but mischief. If they have crumbled to pieces as historical evidence, they rise now before us in a different and no less interesting light, as national structures of fiction—the most elaborate, perhaps, preserved in the West—and as such they ought now to be critically examined. We know what Grimm has done for the mediæval lore of his nation—here is a corresponding task worthy of the highest ability of any Celtic scholar. We want a competent linguist to tell us whether it be right or wrong to connect the *Heon*, or *Huon*, and the *Hu gadarn* of the Welsh with Mars Segomon, or the *Finn mac Cumhail* of the

* Die bei C. Julius Cæsar vorkommenden keltischen Namen in ihrer Echtheit festgestellt und erläutert. Von Christian Wilhelm Glück. München. 1857.

Irish with Mars Camulus, in the same way as the kings and heroes of the Persian Shâhnâmeh have been recognised as gods in the Veda and Zend Avesta.

With respect to personal names, Herr Glück's work reminds us again of a very perplexing fact. It is undeniable that there are some among them which are found, not only similar, but, etymologically speaking, identical in the Celtic and Germanic nations, though unknown to the other families. The Celtic *Caturix* (Mars, lord of battle) is the German *Hadurich*; the old Welsh *Catmor* (i. e., *Catumâros*, warrior) is Tacitus, *Catumêrus*, the later German *Hadumâr*; *Segomâros* (victorious) is *Sigumêrus*; *Toutiorix* (Apollo, lord of people) is Goth. *Thiudareiks*, O. H. German *Diotrich*; *Ambiorix* is Germ. *Emmerich*; *Albiorix*, Germ. *Alberich*, *Elberich*.

How are we to account for this? Herr Holtzmann, indeed, has his answer ready. He says they prove that it is a vulgar error to imagine that Celts and Germans were two distinct nations, instead of only one. But that paradox, we think, will make but few converts. Can these names, then, be relics of the Japetic unity? Did they originally belong to Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit as well, and become obsolete only in those languages? This seems hardly more probable. Why should not, if not these, at least some other Japetic names, be found preserved in common between those other families? It would not be in itself absurd. The term for name has been common to us all from the time of the unity of our Aryan ancestors; and actual personal names may, therefore, not improbably have existed as common to all the branches of the Indo-European family. However, for the present, we may be contented with the belief that either Germans or Celts borrowed names from the other at an early period. Even in barbarous nations this seems to be sometimes a matter of fashion. We know from Jornandes that the Germans had, in later days, a taste for Hunnish names, and actually adopted them.

Herr Glück, in order strictly to keep on safe ground, may sometimes have confined himself almost too much. Why will he, in none of the many words compounded with *dumnus*, allow this to be akin to the Latin *dominus*, Sanskrit *damana*? His reason, we suspect, is that the word is no longer found in Welsh and Irish. Yet Zeuss quotes *coimdemnacht* (gl. *dominatus*) and *condemnedgar* (gl. *dominatur*) from the Milan glosses; and even without them we would have a right to expect *damana*, lord, in some Celtic shape, for it is certainly of Japetic antiquity. With *Verjugodumnus*, therefore, might have been compared a Sanskrit form, *yugadamana* (lord or tamer of yokes of cattle), and perhaps in like manner *jayadamana* (lord of victory) might have been placed beside *Geidumni*. The name of the mythical Irish king *Eiremhon* we find again in the antique *Ariomanus* and in the modern *Irwin*. Its affinity with Teutonic forms, mythological and others (*Arminius*, *Ermanaricus*, *Irmansûl*), is obvious—no less its relation to Aryan names of India and Persia, although we must leave doubtful any mythological connexion between King *Eiremhon* and the god *Aryaman* of the Veda.

We are glad to find in Herr Glück's work the names *Gobanius*, *Gobanus*, the modern *Gowan* (Welsh *gof*, Irish *gobha*, *gobhan*, smith), because we see in them a strong argument against the theory that the stone period of the antiquary ever coincided with any stage in the separate existence of the Celts. The ancestors of our Indo-European race had outgrown the stone period before their separation. They had already carts, boats, and metals. If, then, the antiquaries establish a stone period for Ireland and England, it cannot belong to the Aryan Celts, but must be referred to earlier inhabitants—the real aborigines, of whom history and philology know nothing. Zeuss, with his unflinching eye, was the first to identify *faber* and *gobanus*, and analogy proves him to have been right.

Herr Glück has shown himself so well acquainted with the numerous and widely diffused sources of the remnants of antique Celtic, that we wish he had gone one step farther, and taken without exception the whole of what remains. A critical compilation not only of all the names, but of the Celtic glosses of classical and mediæval literature, and of all remains of this nature, is an important desideratum. If Herr Glück would undertake a complete collection of the *Λεϊψα* linguæ Celtice, the work would be in safe hands.

In taking leave of the author, we beg strongly to urge upon him the necessity of supplying his book with an Index, without which it can never be either half so useful or so popular as it deserves to be.

NOTICE

In the first number of the SATURDAY REVIEW, we stated that its usual size would be sixteen pages, or thirty-two columns. For some time past, however, we have found it impossible, consistently with the adequate treatment of the various subjects which, in increasing number, claim our notice, to keep within the limit which we had originally announced; and we have therefore determined to increase the size of the REVIEW permanently to twenty-four pages, or forty-eight columns. In consequence of this enlargement, the price of the SATURDAY REVIEW will, on and from January 2nd, 1858, be 6d., stamped copies, 7d.

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